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MURDER BY HYPNOSIS

A Psychiatric Report from Denmark

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

By Mercy Phillimore

SEARCH FOR ECSTASY

By Ellen Huxley

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VOL. 7, NO. 4, AUTUMN 1959

EDITORIAL:

NEW DIMENSIONS OF MAGIC

IN spite of the problems of progress that daily grow more difficult t comprehend, there is still around us a deep interest in the magic dimensions and resources of mankind, and on another level there ar progressively hopeful signs that many scientific workers in psycholog and psychiatry are willing to investigate the deep unconscious of th individual who deviates from the norm. These scientists seek to clarif and crystallize the processes of thought that activate decisions belo the conscious level of personality.

Evolution moves so rapidly that there are few today who have tim for contemplation. It is, therefore, urgently necessary to provide way and means for studies that meet the demands of our time on the ind vidual consciousness, and above all to clarify for the younger genera tion the basic problems of the self and its responsibility to life, abou which our present-day children would appear to be considerably con fused. Their mournful reserve with their elders, their fear of mutua love and respect for law and responsibility, turns their young lives int an exaggerated burlesque of living.

What is more alarming is that in a new age of progress, not ye firmly established, these, the citizens of tomorrow continue, full o pride and fierce with hate, to shut themselves off from new discoverie and the inspiring scientific methods that grace our days. It is time fo all, especially the women of our age, to realize their responsibilities t

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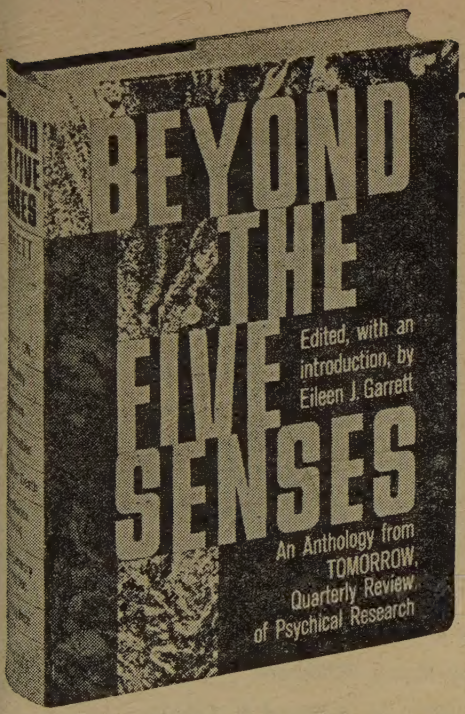
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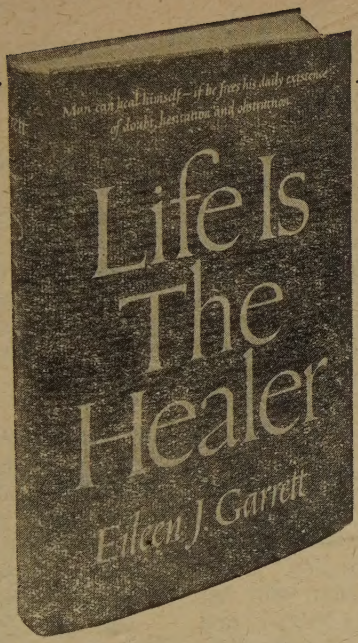
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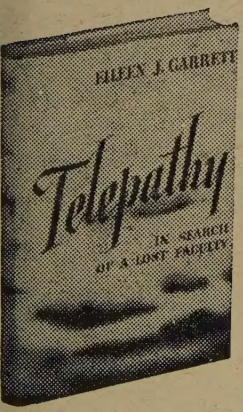

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Was the bank robber actually guilty of murder? A Danish court decided that his hypnotist should be sentenced for the crime

MURDER BY HYPNOSIS

By a Police Psychiatrist, as told to Kurt Singer

THIS classic case in the history of modern crime has its setting in the land of Prince Hamlet—perhaps to prove to the world that there is nothing rotten in Denmark's well-coordinated and smoothly-run homicide department. The capital city, Copenhagen, is a friendly, bustling seaport which enjoys great cultural traditions, fun, laughter, and high social standards; therefore, as the strange events in this case unfolded, they seemed incongruous against the backdrop. It happened on March 29, 1951, a chill, rainy, bleak day—at 10:15, to be exact. A fragilely-structured young man dressed in blue worker's overalls and a visored cap entered the crowded offices of the Landmands Bank. He walked rapidly, but with stiff, mincing steps as if he had been the victim of two broken legs, or had been trained as one of the King's Royal Guard members . . . or like a mechanical toy soldier wound up by a key.

Without glancing right or left, he marched straight toward the head cashier's window. When he reached a distance of eight feet he stared at Mr. Kaj Möller, the

cashier, pulled an automatic revolver from the large briefcase he was carrying, and fired at the ceiling. An avalanche of plaster snowed down upon the floor. Twenty-five customers watched the scene in paralyzed fright, and for a moment the vast office throbbed with the impact of shocked silence.

The gunman threw his brief case on the counter. "What are you waiting for?" he yelled. "Put all the money you have in it . . . and move fast!"

His voice, despite its loudness, was scratchy, thin . . . like a worn record or a tired movie soundtrack. Cashier Möller, an old and venerated employee of the bank, shook his head and stepped back.

The invader raised the revolver and fired point-blank at the husky form of Mr. Möller. His aim was direct and accurate. The cashier died as the bullet pierced his heart.

Searching for his next victim, the bank robber sighted Nils Wisbom, the manager, who was off to one side. "You come over here," directed the bandit. "Fill up the brief case."

Wisbom, recognizing the characteristics of a madman, attempted to move slowly toward the alarm system. But before he reached the switch, he was killed by an expertly aimed bullet.

With the reverberation of the shot still in the air, one bank employee reached the alarm button. The loud jangle shocked the robber into action. Without waiting for the money, he turned on his heels and raced through the swinging doors, into the street. "Let me go, or I'll shoot," he screamed at one man who tried to bar his way.

Disappeared into the Crowd

OUTSIDE the bank, the frustrated robber leaped on a black bicycle standing at the curb, and quickly disappeared in the stream of cyclists that swirl through Copenhagen's busy downtown district.

From the witnesses, the Homicide Department pieced together a complete description of the murderer. The wanted man was between twenty-five and thirty, used his left hand, was of medium height and slim. Nearly everyone had been impressed with his mechanical, robot-like movements.

Although the bank's customers and employees were too stunned and frightened to pursue the kill-

er, the impetuousness of youth inspired one fourteen-year-old boy to trail the criminal through the heavy traffic, down side streets and alleys, dodging behind trucks, buses, and parked cars to avoid being seen.

Less than thirty-five minutes later, the youngster hailed a police patrol car, pointed to an apartment house and breathlessly stated, "The killer is there . . . the killer of the Landmands Bank."

Skeptical, the police wanted more details. "It was easy to follow him," the boy explained. "I was hanging around the bank and heard the shots. I peeked in the door and saw him with a gun in his hand. He wore blue overalls and dark sunglasses. When he ran out of the bank, I followed him here on my bike. He went into that apartment house and I tried to sneak up after him. He heard me coming on the squeaky stairs and pulled his gun. He said he would shoot me."

"Why didn't he?" questioned the senior officer.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "It was strange. Suddenly he just put his gun back into his pocket and rubbed his eyes. 'My good angel has left me,' he said, 'and I am tired. You must go now.' He turned around and went on up the stairs. He is still there because I've been watching the entrance until you came."

The police officers were not convinced. The story was too glib, too fantastic. A murderer who had cut down two men would certainly not spare a boy in his flight to safety. However, it was no time to miss any lead.

In a matter of minutes, the five-story building was surrounded by a police cordon. Captain Helmut Madsen was in command. They found a black bicycle at the side of the building and muddy footprints leading up the stairs.

Cautiously Captain Madsen and three of his most trusted men made their way up the dimly lighted stairs. On the third landing they met a well-dressed young man. He was obviously surprised to see the police.

"Do you live here?" asked the Captain.

"No, sir," was the answer, "I'm just visiting. My name is Pelle Hardrup."

Gunman Captured

CAPTAIN Madsen waved his gun for Hardrup to pass, then stopped him again. On closer in-

spection he noted heavy perspiration on Hardrup's forehead and neck, despite the chill of the day.

With a rapid movement the Captain searched his suspect. There in Hardrup's left pocket was the steel of a revolver. "You are under arrest on suspicion of murder."

Pelle showed no emotion, no surprise, no anger, no fright. "Yes," he said in a casual tone of voice. "I am the man you want."

Madsen's aides exchanged glances. This was too easy. It was by far the quickest capture and the most freely-given confession they had ever heard.

"Take us to the person you were just visiting," Madsen ordered.

Pelle lead the way to the floor above and stopped in front of a half-open door bearing the name "Greta Ankersen." Pushing the confessed murderer in front of them, the policemen walked into the dark, airless foyer. The outer room breathed of mustiness and age. Articles of old, heavy furniture loomed in the half light like monsters.

From an adjoining room came sounds like a cat scratching and then a throaty cackle. Madsen pushed the door open with the nose of his gun.

The scene inside was from the past—the past of witches, hobgoblins, and trolls. An old woman was hunched over a dirty wood stove poking some fabric into the flames. Her hair was gray and snarled, and without going nearer, the men knew she had not bathed for months.

Captain Madsen pushed her aside and stamped the fire from the remaining bit of a pair of blue overalls. The old woman grinned toothlessly and peered at him with waterly gray eyes. She fell back into a chair and gave out a shrill peal of laughter.

The room was as aged, filthy, and odiferous as the old woman herself. She was obviously drunk. The table, floor and corners were littered with empty cans, decaying food, and empty bottles.

"They Are Good Friends . . ."

"DO you know this man?" asked the Captain, pointing to Pelle Hardrup.

The crone giggled idiotically. "Nice boy. . . good boy. . . this morning he brought me aquavit and beer. . . good Tuborg beer."

"Listen woman, you cannot make an alibi for Hardrup. He

has just killed two men and attempted to rob a bank."

Greta shook her head slowly and blinked her eyes in an attempt to unloosen the alcoholic cobwebs that blinded her thoughts. "I thought he was here all that time. . . it was the aquavit and beer. I drink too much . . ." She slumped in her chair and dozed.

The police made a search of the cold water apartment. In one room they found a large teddy bear, some dolls and a G-string lying on the dresser. Madsen awakened Greta. "Whose are these?" he asked.

Greta was amused. "Don't look at me. I don't wear a G-string." The idea sent off another round of hysterical laughter. "It belongs to Lita Rys. She is my friend, my tenant. She is a dancer in a night club. . . a very fine dancer. Let me show you what she does." The hag staggered to her feet, grabbed the G-string, made an attempt to dance and fell back into her chair.

The police officers were not amused. "If she works at night, why is she not here during the day?" asked the police captain.

"My nephew took her to the country."

"Your nephew?"

"Yes, he is a good boy. . . Björn Nielsen. Here is his picture." Greta found it behind a pile of papers on the sink.

The face staring from the paper was certainly not that of a Rudolph Valentino, Marlon Brando, or Rock Hudson. It was, in fact, so ugly and cruel as to have a certain fascination of evil.

"Björn and Pelle. . . they are good friends," Greta explained. "They are both good boys." She lasped back into sleep.

The police took Pelle to headquarters. The slim, blond young man who had killed two men in cold blood went as meekly as a child. It seemed impossible that he could be a killer, but he had made his own confession.

The photographic morgue identified Björn Nielsen in a matter of minutes. He and the police were close acquaintances. Greta's "good boy" nephew had been arrested twelve times on various counts, ranging from grand larceny to sex crimes against young girls. A major portion of his thirty-nine years had been spent in prison.

"I think we are safe in making the supposition." concluded Captain Madsen, "that Fröken G-

string has been taken out for an airing at the sea so Pelle could use the apartment as his alibi and place to change clothing."

But under questioning, Pelle insisted his friend Björn Nielsen was as innocent as the winter snows and that he, and he alone, was guilty of the crimes.

Anonymous Informant

AT this point in the investigation there was apparently no need to call in a psychiatrist or doctors. It was an open-and-shut case, with Pelle Hardrup a confessed criminal. The police were ready to go to trial. In addition, Pelle's escutcheon was blemished by a previous crime conviction. A political crime. During World War II, Hardrup had affiliated himself with the Danish Quislings and the Nazis and had collaborated with the German occupation forces. After the war, he was condemned and sentenced to fifteen years of hard labor for collaboration, espionage, and sabotage against his native Denmark.

By 1950, when the scabs of public opinion had sluffed off, he and many others were released and received amnesty. After that he married, held responsible jobs, fathered three children, and was an accepted member of his community in the outskirts of Copenhagen.

However, his positive points did not counter-balance the evidence. The ballistics report showed clearly that his gun had been the double-murder weapon. The police had the clothing. Eye-witnesses all agreed in their identification. Nielsen and his paramour had been 125 kilometers away at the time of the crime.

The trial date was set; but by that time the public had lost interest in the case because it was all so sure, so set, so cut and dried.

But suddenly the police and the public were awakened from their somnambulism and a very abrupt monkey wrench was thrown into the wheels of justic. Several anonymous letters arrived at police headquarters. Chief Inspector Christensen followed up every tip, including the message that read:

"I have informantion on the Hardrup case. *Real* evidence. I'll be at the Tivoli bar at 6:00 P.M."

Inspector Christensen arrived a bit ahead of time at the waterfront bistro. He placed the letter on the table, ordered a cup of coffee, and watched the array of

bar-girls and prostitutes as they plied their trades with the sailors and dock workers.

At the last chime of six from the ship's clock, a middle-aged man, wearing glasses and walking with a slight limp, pulled out the chair opposite the inspector and sat down. "Thank you for coming," he said. "I was afraid you would think my letter was from some crackpot. You are holding and will imprison Pelle Hardrup for life unless I tell my story. You see I know the *real* killer and I am afraid of him. And the *real* killer is not the man you now have in custody. Pelle is just the trigger man.

"The real murderer is Björn Nielsen. I know. The three of us, Pelle, Björn, and I, were in the same jail, in the same cell. Pelle lives under a hypnotic spell. He is the complete pawn of Nielsen. It goes back to politics—old Nazi politics."

Christensen, long versed in the art of listening, waited for the pause: "I am delighted to meet you and I thank you for coming. May I ask your name?"

The man shook his head.

"Well then, let's start with your last statement. How can this present crime be related to old politics? Hitler is dead and there are very few Nazis left in Denmark. Why would Hardrup murder two men in the attempt to rob a bank for political reasons?"

The Power of Hypnotism

THE stranger hesitated as if trying to formulate a long train of uncoordinated thoughts. "You must first understand what happened when the three of us were in prison together. Nielsen convinced Pelle that someday he would be the dictator of Scandinavia, that he would be greater than Hitler, that he would be the leader of all Nordic-Teutonic races. Nielsen possesses the powers of hypnotism and post-hypnotic suggestion. Pelle was an easy subject. During our days and months in prison he was a walking doll, in a religious-political trance—a zombie who obeyed Nielsen blindly with no will of his own.

"With my own eyes I have seen Pelle fish all the meat from his soup and offer it to Nielsen. I watched him give all his money, rings, and personal treasures to his master.

"It was a great mystery to me, and I tried to observe what was

happening. It took some time, but I noted this: whenever Pelle saw the mark *X* he went into a hypnotic sleep and obeyed Nielsen's commands to the last detail. When Pelle saw an *X* he was paralyzed, transfixed—just by two slanted crossed lines. His eyes became hazy and he became a slave to one man.

"Pelle held the gun and killed two men. But it was Nielsen, kilometers away, who pulled the trigger."

Christensen took careful mental notes. The man sitting across from him was either a neurotic or the narrator of one of the strangest cases in the histories of hypnotism and criminology.

Not wishing to leave any stone unturned, Christensen returned to his office and summoned three psychiatrists, one of them being myself, to consult on the case. On our recommendation, it was decided not to bring Pelle Hardrup to trial before a thorough medical and psychiatric investigation had been made.

Other facts began to accumulate. Björn Nielsen, after serving his time in prison for his political activities, had apparently tried to lead an honest life. His wife was a respectable, law-abiding woman who was obviously in love with her husband. To be sure he drank too much gin dashed with paprika at the waterfront bars and wavered in and out of the arms of various women, but on the whole his activities seemed innocent.

He and Pelle were often seen together and the neighbors deemed them to be friends. But Pelle avoided liquor and was never known to have spread his affections afield.

Whenever Christensen, Madsen, or members of the psychiatric staff questioned Pelle Hardrup about his relationship with Björn Nielsen, he answered emphatically that his friend had absolutely no connection with his murders. We came to note that he was too emphatic! His voice became loud, his gestures erratic and his speech mechanical. . . like a worn record, an unthinking parrot.

When we questioned him about his getaway bicycle, where he had purchased it and how long he had owned it, Pelle surprised us by refusing to answer. "My good angel does not allow me to tell anything," he said stubbornly and lapsed into a state of mental exhaustion.

Our own ranks were divided in opinion about Pelle Hardrup. Some felt the murderer was a clever faker, but others, like myself, were convinced we were working with an extremely complicated case. The eminent Dr. Max Schmid was called in to administer a battery of psychological tests.

"My Good Angel Told Me"

OUR investigations turned up the fact Nielsen owned the bicycle used in the hold-up, but Pelle went into a rage whenever he was faced with any question that pertained to his friend. "I borrowed the bike from Björn. Keep him out of this. Keep him out of this. I did it. I did it on my own. I did it just as my good angel told me to."

"Who is your good angel?" We asked repeatedly.

It was always the same answer: "I cannot tell."

"Is Nielsen your good angel?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do you know how hypnosis works?" I asked.

Pelle trembled like an aspen. Perspiration glistened on his brow. "Yes," he said.

"Have you ever been hypnotized by anyone?"

"I cannot remember."

"Do you like Nielsen very much as a friend?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever get angry with him?"

"I cannot tell. My good angel does not want me to talk to you. I am guilty. I killed two men. I tried to rob the bank. Get this all over. . . fast." And again he lapsed into exhausted silence.

Psychiatrists are not lawmakers, and the law needs more evidence than psychiatric recommendations. I confess too that, in many cases we cannot be too definite. After many long nights of discussion, evaluation, theorizing, we still had no scientific proof for the contention that Pelle Hardrup had acted under hypnotic suggestion. And there lurked the ever-present thought that he could be sane after all.

Inspector Christensen, Inspector Olsen, and I decided to revisit Björn Nielsen. After the fifth ring, he opened the door. "Do you have a warrant?" was his opening greeting to us.

"There is no need for a warrant," said Inspector Christensen. "We merely want to talk with you."

"Why?"

"You will see," answered the inspector as he pushed his way into Nielsen's apartment.

Yoga, Nietzsche, and Hitler

WITH eyes trained for observation, we scanned Nielsen's apartment. Every detail was exquisite, from the fine Persian rugs on the floor, the tasteful combination of furniture, and the luxuriant plants to the original oils that clustered in groups on the walls. Believing that to know a man you need to look at his library, I sauntered over to the shelves that reached ceiling to floor on two sides of the room.

The former prisoner possessed an enviable collection of books, featuring the works of Strindberg, Nietzsche, Björnsson, Knut Hamsun, Rilke, Hitler, and Goebbels. Other shelves that caught my eye were filled with books on Yoga, the art of breathing, relaxation, hypnosis, the power of suggestion, and psychoanalysis.

Nielsen, who was in conversation with the two officers, saw my preoccupation and edged between me and his library.

"May I offer you some coffee?" he said and gestured me toward a chair. Since I had seen all I needed, I complied.

"I imagine you are here to ask more questions about poor Pelle, he said amiably.

Olsen smiled. "You are correct. If you will just answer frankly as we go along, I think we will get along together very well."

"Of course I will be delighted to co-coperate in any way that I can, but at the outset, I want you to know that I have been constantly pestered by that little nitwit. He has insisted on following me around like a puppy. I cannot get rid of him. To make matters worse, he has some mad notion that he will someday become a dictator and will rule the world. In short, he is a lunatic."

"Thank you for your opinion." said Christensen with a twinge of sarcasm, "but actually that is not what we want to know. We have come here to ask you about your bicycle. Where is it?"

"In the garage."

"Let's go see."

Nielsen led the way to the back of the apartment, unlocked the garage door and gave a gasp of astonishment: "My bicycle is gone! Damn it, someone has stolen it. It was that no-good Pelle. He took it in order to implicate me in the bank robbery. Hah, he is not so crazy after all!"

We stood for some time listening to his ranting. It was an important point in our investigation. If Pelle had been given the bicycle we would have gained the first evidence of Nielsen's implication in the crime.

Nielsen Taken and Released

BACK at headquarters, we decided to revisit Pelle. He, like Hamlet, was our paradox. Was he sane or mad?

"We have just talked with your friend Björn Nielson," said Christensen. "He says you stole his bicycle for the robbery. If he is your good friend, why did you steal from him?"

Pelle squinted his eyes as if trying to search his soul for the answer to an enigma. "Don't ask that question," he drawled. "I cannot tell you."

Then, as if his "good angel" had pressed a switch, Pelle's face became immobile and his voice ground out: "Nielsen is innocent. I did it. I did it. I remember now. I took his bike from his garage. I took his bike to rob the bank. I robbed the bank. I am guilty."

It was a dead end again. As I paced the floor at home that night, I had an inspiration. It was to question Hardrup with Nielsen in the same room.

Christensen went along with my plan, and at ten the next day he interrogated Pelle in front of Nielsen. The questions were the same we had asked him a hundred times, but I was much more interested in watching Nielsen than in hearing the same answers for the hundredth time.

Nielsen stared at Pelle, leaned forward in his chair with his elbows on his knees. He crossed his arms and hung onto his shoulders, thus making a perfect *X*.

"This is no place to sit so sloppily," I whispered to him. "Sit up straight!"

Nielsen complied by assuming a bolt upright position. But he crossed his legs and continued to stare into Pelle's eyes.

After three gruelling hours, when we assembled our notes, we came to the following conclusions:

1. Whenever Pelle saw Nielsen make an *X* by crossing his arms, legs, fingers, etc., he confessed to the crimes and pronounced Nielsen entirely innocent.

2. When we were insistent that Nielsen make no cross in any way, Pelle could not remember anything, but still maintained

that Nielsen was in no way implicated in the crime.

3. When we took Nielsen out of the room, Pelle droned on that his "good angel" did not want him to talk, but that he was guilty.

Nielsen was held for twenty-four hours, but under Danish law we were forced to release him at the end of that time, or press charges. I shall never forget the triumphant smirk on his face as he left the police station.

Our psychiatric counsel continued its midnight sessions. Was Hardrup psychotic? Was he mentally ill? Was he a puppet in the hands of a master hypnotist? Our opinions varied, and there was no concrete evidence for any side. There is no way of making a "brain print" to show the guilt of a criminal.

Dr. Schmid, our senior authority, declared that Pelle was sane. The tests, he said, showed that the murderer had tendencies to exaggerate, and that he appeared fanatical in the areas of politics and religion. In addition, he possessed a ripe and fertile imagination, but all in all, he was a sane man. "Hardrup," he concluded, "lacks all the characteristics of an imposter. Fakers and liars camouflage their stories, but Pelle believes what he says."

A Previous Robbery

IN my many years as a police psychiatrist, I had never known a case like this one. Personally, I continued to cling to the theory that Pelle was operating under a hypnotic command, but I was unable to produce specific facts to substantiate my thesis.

Inspector Christensen, a patient and thorough investigator, shared my opinion and we both sat like cats waiting for a bird to move through the leaves. Something was bound to come up. Time, however, was working against us. The case would soon have to go to court.

Three handwriting experts analyzed Pelle's writing and unanimously stated there was no evidence of mental disorder. And, as a sort of last resort, we turned to the use of truth serum which Pelle agreed to readily. He was a good prisoner, cheerful, calm, and co-operative, but this test gave us no facts other than those we already had.

At this point, just as we were feeling that we were beating our heads against a stone wall, a new

chapter began in the Pelle Hardrup case.

The police chief of Hvidovre, a small town south of Copenhagen, phoned to say that a bank hold-up seven months prior, in his village, had been accomplished in the same manner and pattern as the attempt at the Landmands Bank. There, however, the robbery had been a success and the bandit made off with 240,000 Danish crowns—about $60,000.

The criminal had used a brief case, was left-handed, fired his first shot at the ceiling, ordered the employees to lie on the floor, and pedaled away with the money on a black bicycle.

We asked a committee of witnesses from the bank to identify Pelle in a line-up. He was, they agreed, unmistakably the man who had robbed their little bank.

When faced with the accusation, Pelle looked confused and worried: "My good angel made me hold up the Landmands Bank in Copenhagen. But I can't remember what I did last year at the other bank. I was there, but I can't remember a thing. My good angel told me to forget about it and I have forgotten. My mind is blank. My good angel always tells me when I can remember things and when I should not."

That statement clinched it as far as I was concerned. Indeed, Pelle functioned under a set of post-hypnotic commands, but although I had a hunch concerning the identity of the 'good angel' I could prove nothing in court.

I re-questioned Fru Hardrup, the wife who, in the past had been cooperative, but lacking in any information of value to us. We had further been handicapped by her floods of tears when we interrogated her. "I have already told you everything I know," she said, reaching for her handkerchief.

"I don't think you have," I contradicted. "I think you are afraid. If that is true, I can guarantee you police protection. Now tell me honestly . . . aren't you afraid of Nielsen?"

The Wife's Story

FRU Hardrup, a handsome, pale, Scandinavian, became even whiter. "Yes," she said, hanging her head, "Yes, Björn has ruined our marriage. Pelle has always been a good husband but Nielsen has some secret power over my husband, as if he had

put a hex on him. I love Pelle and asked him to go to a psychiatrist for help, but Nielsen told him not to, and as usual, Pelle followed his orders.

"When I could stand it no longer, I told my husband he must decide between Björn and me. When Pelle tried to make the break, Björn was furious. He came to our house, ripped off my clothes, and beat me unconscious with his belt. This was in front of my husband, who sat watching helplessly as if he were paralyzed.

"When I became conscious later, I wanted to go to the police, but Pelle refused. He said he owed Björn a large sum of money and Björn would have him put in jail if I interfered. Pelle is just clay in the potter's hands."

"This is the first real help we have had," I told her. "Can you think of any other facts we should know? You may save your husband from serving a lifetime in prison."

Bente Hardrup smiled wanly. "So many horrible things happened that I hardly know where to begin. I should have told you all this long ago, but as you say, I was frightened, not only for myself but for Pelle. I don't understand the power Nielsen has and I don't know how far it can reach —perhaps even into Pelle's cell, to strangle him there.

"But I am willing to talk to you now. One night, for instance, Björn came in and sat in the same big chair you are in. He leered at Pelle with a satanic grin. Then he stopped smiling. He fixed Pelle with a cruel stare, like a cobra hypnotizing a bird. He crossed his hands in the form of an *X*.

"My husband moved to that straight kitchen chair, placed his thumbs on the edges and slowly did a hand stand. His eyes had rolled back into the sockets until only the whites showed.

"The act delighted Nielsen. 'See, Bente,' he chortled, 'what a talented husband you have? Take a good look! This is science. Your Pelle and I are upsetting the laws of gravity and nature.'"

"My Poor Slave . . ."

"I WAS terrified. If Pelle had fallen, he would have been terribly injured, perhaps even have broken his neck. I called to him, but it did no good. Nielsen ordered me to stop talking and to look into his eyes. I could not

help myself. I had to obey. I could not speak, my body felt heavy and I could not lift my hands. I felt tired, and that horrible sight in front of me seemed a million miles away, in another world, a hell.

"Then Nielsen tired of his game. 'That little nitwit,' I heard him say, 'I almost forgot him, my poor little slave . . . now remember, Pelle, you will always obey me when I show you the sign of an *X*. You may now wake up and you will feel fine. Wake up, Pelle!'"

"Your husband," I interrupted, "has been positively identified in connection with the bank robbery in Hvidovre. Can you give us any information in that connection?"

Bente Hardrup nodded. "I might as well tell you all. I'm sure that Pelle was the robber although he never admitted it to me. Right at that time he changed so much. He had his hair cut short and I saw a new pair of sunglasses in his coat pocket. He also had extra money he could not account for. When the radio gave the news, he angrily turned it off and when I asked him why, he flew into a rage such as I had never seen.

"There were some other things too that happened that day before the robbery. When I came in from work there were cigarette stubs in the trays, the same brand that Nielsen smokes. The day of the robbery I received a bill from the grocery for gin and paprika. Pelle neither drinks nor smokes, so I am certain Nielsen was here and was vitally connected with the crime Pelle committed."

The rest of the questioning revealed little more that was new, but I left the Hardrup apartment with the feeling of satisfaction. The pieces of the jig-saw puzzle were falling into shape, and the picture was an evil one.

I took a cab to Nielsen's apartment, and found him lounging complacently in his elegant living room. Of course, he said, he drank gin and paprika, as did many other people. Of course, he said, he often visited his poor friend Pelle. Of course, he pointed out, he might well have been there the day before the robbery, but that was so long ago he could not be certain of the exact date.

All I could think of as I watched and listened was a moray eel, ugly, slippery with his bright little glittering eyes that pinned a person in his chair.

The Omnipresent "X"

WHEN I returned to headquarters, Inspector Christensen was in a state of excitement. Pelle, it had been discovered, was receiving daily letters from Nielsen. The text was kind, sympathetic, and innocent. But in each letter there was an *X*, sometimes as a signature, sometimes as a letterhead decoration, and one note read simply: *X SILENCE X.*

Pursuing this lead further, we found Pelle's cell had *X*'s on the walls. One of the other prisoners freely admitted Nielsen had brought him cigarettes to "play a joke on Hardrup" by crossing his knife and fork in the mess hall, handing him cards marked with *X*'s, and keeping the crossed lines, dark and black, on the wall across from Hardrup's cell.

To a lay person, this all sounds like Black Magic, but those of us who had studied hypnosis knew that the *X*'s were symbols constituting post-hypnotic commands. Surrounded constantly by the symbol, Pelle was never himself, but always acting under the influence of the hypnotist, Nielsen.

There was another factor that kept plaguing me. Studies in the field of hypnosis have repeatedly shown that a person will not commit an act that is contrary to his or her own moral credo. Yet Pelle had committed two murders and a successful bank robbery. Was he, then, basically a criminal? Or, perhaps Nielsen had suggested the murder gun was a harmless water pistol and the bank owed him the money he had taken.

Pelle could have been fooled about his actions, and while my colleagues and I unsuccessfully tried counter-hypnosis on our puzzling patient-prisoner, Inspector Christensen scored some success on another track. After some search, he located Nielsen's hidden bank account and found it had been overdrawn the day before the Hvidovre robbery and replenished two days later to the tune of 100,000 Danish Crowns. When questioned, Nielsen gave the unimaginative answer, "I won it at the races."

We continued our questioning. Pelle gave the same stories, but once with a small slip. "My friend Nielsen," he droned, "is innocent. He has forbidden me to tell anything to you police stooges."

In appearance Hardrup was a waxen sleepwalker. He had lost weight until he was gaunt, and

his skin took on a translucent lus-ter. I personally felt that if the case was not cracked soon it was possible he would die.

The Missing Evidence

THEN Bente, Pelle's loyal wife, supplied the missing piece to the case. She arrived one morning at Police Headquarters with a stack of papers. "Here," she said, "take a look at these. Pelle and Björn were writing a book together in prison, years ago. I knew that, but I never knew what was in their manuscript. Read it for yourselves. I think it is the answer."

Sheet by sheet, we pored over the sheaf of papers. They were poorly written, in almost undecipherable longhand, replete with misspellings and neo-obscenities. The total impact was one of an abortive attempt at a Wagnerian epic to idolize Hitler, a panegyric for ruling the masses through the use of hypnosis, with details for rape, robbery, smuggling, and other fine arts of crime.

The hero in the mental odyssey was a Hitler-like dictator and master who, like Siegfried, was always safe, secure, and indestructible, with his lieutenants and aides who were greatly rewarded for their bravery and loyalty, their sacrifices and pain in serving the cause.

From all the poorly-spelled scribbling there unfolded the blueprint of the robberies. Pelle Hardrup was a full-fledged character in the wandering plot. The story described in detail the capture of one of the dictator's chief lieutenants in a bank robbery. Hypnosis prevented the prisoner from ever betraying his master, and rather than talk, he went into a hunger strike and died as a hero.

After reading the earmarked pieces of paper with much finger pointing, note-taking, and thought, I realized what we must do. Pelle was put into a solitary cell. All letters were kept from him, and a special guard was set to see that no *X* would appear within his sight and that any signs he might make on his own would be immediately removed.

Crisis and Confession

FOR days he had eaten very little, but now he sank into a restive state, refusing any food that was offered to him. He, too, declared a hunger strike. I watched anxiously, for I felt not only a man's sanity, but his life

was at stake. Taking Pelle away from his *X*'s was like trying to awaken a man from a nightmare, or even worse, breaking an addict from heroin.

On the fifth day he called the guard. He was now a skeleton. His eyes stared feverishly from their sockets. "I am not insane," he said. "I want paper and a pen. I also want something to eat." He broke into tears.

After cautiously sipping milk and some white bread, he began to write. The guard tiptoed in and out, re-filling his plate and glass, as Pelle wrote throughout the entire night.

These pages acted as his catharsis. The truth broke loose like a stream coming after the spring thaw. He had met Nielsen in prison in 1947, when both were serving time as traitors. Nielsen, inspired by Hitler's potentialities and undiscouraged by his subsequent defeat, made his own plans. The beginning steps were taken when Nielsen asked Pelle to fold his hands as if in prayer and told him he could not take them apart.

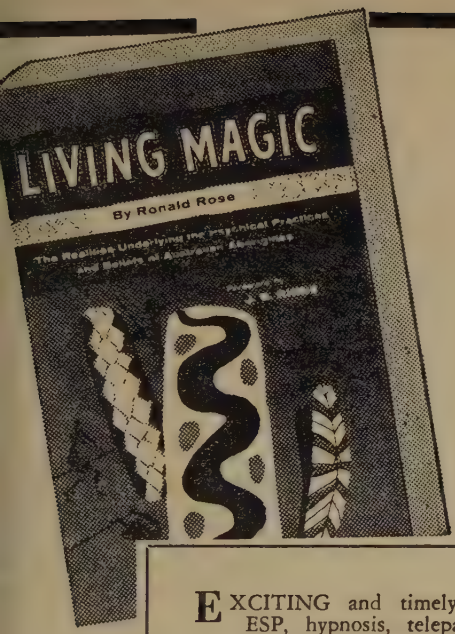
"Nielsen often spoke to me in the darkness of our cell," Pelle wrote. "He would say, 'I am your good angel. All your failures and disappointments are over. God has chosen you to do great things and has commanded me to be your leader. You are under my wings. Every time you see the sign of the *X*, it is God who is talking through me to you.'

"Later, before the first robbery, Nielsen ordered me to buy ether. He made me lie down on a couch and breathe it in. He explained I would then be more closely attuned to the *X*-signal."

The next day Pelle used a gun for the first time in the bank hold-up at Hvidovre. He stated in writing that he knew he was to shoot anyone who opposed him, and after the successful coup he took the money and gave it to Nielsen. "Björn shared a few . . ." —at this point, his confession became illegible.

Hunger, exhaustion, and the shock of awakening from his hypnotic sleep debilitated Pelle and, I would guess, for the first time in months he was able to sleep in his own world.

After he handed his pages to the guard, he ate and drank normally, but refused to speak to anyone. The written fragment was enough to present to the court. It confirmed what we had suspected for a long time, but could not prove.



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The eighteenth century Paris leading lady had an ardent admirer whose infatuation, it seemed, continued even after he had died

LOVE BEYOND DEATH

Pauline Saltzman

IF Mlle. Clairon of the Comédie Francaise was impatient, t was only with herself. What n the world possessed her to tolerate this morose lover, when other gentlemen of title and unimited means were at her beck nd call?

Had La Clairon lived in this lay and age, she undoubtedly vould have called the young man creep. He was affluent enough, ut his gloomy, esoteric allusions o their *affaire* made her flesh rawl. Why did he have to refer onstantly to their belonging only to each other, even beyond the grave?

Claire Josephe Hippolyte Clairon took up the exquisitely chased hand-mirror. She liked what she saw. The noble, classic brow, so eminently suited to her roles in the plays of Racine and Marmontel, would have done justice to sculptured goddesses on the rarest antique friezes. Her straight little nose was piquantly pert, yet patrician.

From her stunning appearance, it was impossible to tell that La Clairon, darling of the Parisian

theatre, had been born the illegitimate child of an unknown seamstress and her army-sergeant lover. She was surrounded by fame and every luxury that generous lovers could provide, and yet . . .

Clairon frowned. This new admirer, whose indentity has come down to us from her *Memoirs* only as "Monsieur de S—," frankly got on her nerves. The son of a wealthy Breton merchant, he was well educated and personable. But his morbid possessiveness made her realize that she would soon have to give him his *congé*.

"One in This Life . . ."

BUT Hippolyte was a good-hearted girl. She liked the young man in spite of the dark paths his thoughts traveled. Whenever he called on her in the apartment she maintained in the fashionable Rue de Bassy near the monastery of St. Germain, Clairon tried hard to inspire in him some of her own light-heartedness. But always he persisted in talking nonsense; that they were *one* in this life, and in the next. Furthermore, he insisted that she belong only to him, which was impossible. Hippolyte, indentified with one lover, would have been as fan tastic as King Solomon with onl one wife.

Her artistry continued to grov with her personal success. She was instrumental in instituting radical costume changes. She in fluenced the French stage to dis card the traditional red heels paste diamonds, and court attire maintaining rightly that stag characters should look exactly a represented by the playwright Thanks to Clairon, the *paniers* plumes, spangles, and other taw dry ostentations became obsolete In Racine's *Phèdre*, she hersel appeared in austere Grecia robes, whose simplicity only ac cented her superb grace. She scored overwhelming successes i plays created expressly for her b Voltaire, Marmontel, Saurin.

With the passing weeks, Clai on still refrained from dismiss ing the ardent Monsieur de S— She hoped that his morbidit would disappear, but it only grev in passionate intensity. He re fused to recognize the brut truth, that he was only one amon many in the actress' glamorou life.

Hippolyte's private life was i regular enough, but this em tional young man complicated

even more. For a while she continued to tolerate him good-naturedly, but she began to realize that his increasing moodiness was sapping his physical strength.

Suddenly the Breton began to meet with financial reverses. His brother-in-law, whom he entrusted with the care of his personal fortune, failed to respond to his urgent requests for funds. It was not a simple matter to be a playboy in the time of Louis XV.

At the zenith of her popularity, Clairon was sought by the great ladies of the Court, to whom she gave private lessons in the art of making *la grande révérence.* She also instructed in elocution the young Comtesse d'Egmont, Richelieu's only daughter.

Monsieur de S— grew more harassed, depressed, and financially embarrassed. At length he was faced with the distressing problem of starvation. What was even worse, he was reduced to accepting financial assistance from La Clairon herself. Having been most intimately acquainted with privation in the past, she gave him the help he needed so desperately. (This was just one example of her inherent generosity. Later, when the playwright, Marmontel, met with reverses, she housed him in her garret which she converted into a kind of study.)

She was kindness itself, but she managed to make her scorn obvious. Monsieur de S— was in a sorry state. His mental depression was deeply aggravated, especially when passionate letters to the actress were returned unopened. When Clairon flatly refused him permission to visit her, he became violently ill.

Throughout his illness he expressed just one wish—to see Hippolyte once more. When she received the message that he was dying, she remained obdurate. Two and one-half years of this cloying, sickening, morbid Breton were enough. She was through, whether he was dying or not!

A Heart-breaking Cry

ONE night following a performance, Mile. Clairon was hostess at a gay supper-party in her apartment. From the soft glow of wax lights in chased silver *girandoles* on the wall, to the fine Japanese porcelain and spotless Holland linen, everything was perfection. For the entertainment of her guests Hippolyte sang an aria by Rameau.

The striking of the clock was happily ignored, for never had her voice been more enchanting.

The final stroke of eleven o'clock was still reverberating when everyone present was thunder-struck to hear a heart-breaking cry, so impassioned that Mlle. Clairon fainted. When she regained her equilibrium, she begged some of her friends to remain with her until morning. For the first time in her life she was truly frightened!

In the morning, she was shocked to hear that Monsieur de S— had died. It had occurred at eleven o'clock the preceding night. The cause of his death was given as "a broken heart."

For several successive nights—exactly at eleven o'clock—the same tragic cry echoed through Clairon's home. It seemed to emanate from just beneath her window.

The actress' friends and neighbors, along with the police, were alerted. But the heart-wringing cry continued to be heard every night, precisely at eleven. Clairon knew that the cry was meant only for her. The news spread through Paris like wildfire. Every night, just before the fatal stroke of eleven, curious crowds would cluster around her apartment house.

Clairon's *Memoirs,* published in 1799, continue the story: On evening, after dining with a prominent government official, Hippolyte was escorted by him to her home. As he bade goodnight a weird moan suddenly echoed from the space between the man and herself. Like the rest of Paris, the official was familiar with the story. His fright was so great that he had to be carried to his coach.

This strange phenomenon interested everyone in the city. The number of actual witnesses was astounding, and it included the Marquis of Anspach and the stolid Mr. Keppel Carven, two foreign gentlemen.

Three Cries in Succession

ON one such occasion, Mlle Clairon drove to the Rue St Honore, accompained by Monsieur Rosely, an aristocratic admirer. They made a single stop since Hippolyte wanted to do some shopping. She made her purchases, and the pair proceeded to the home of a friend who lived near the Porte Sainte Denis.

Their course took them past Clairon's home, the sight of which

spurred Rosely to comment somewhat facetiously on the ghost. He expressed his willingness to believe in its existence, if Clairon could evoke it. At this instant the undescribable cry rang out, not once, but three times in succession. When they reached their destination, both La Clairon and her companion were lying unconsious on the carriage floor.

Not surprisingly, after this experience Hippolyte expressed the fervent wish that the entity would leave her alone. Although the regular cries ceased, it was apparently still making its presence felt.

Little by little the nightly cries were forgotten, and Hippolyte's life progressed in normal fashion. However, on Fébruary, 1745, the month marking the wedding of the Dauphin to the Infanta Marie-Theresa Raphaele, His Majesty, Louis XV, ordered the Court performance of the play in which Clairon was leading lady.

The members of the company were assigned individual apartments in the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, Versailles, but through some error, Mme. Grandval was omitted. As this actress had no place to sleep, Hippolyte offered one of the beds in her room.

The ladies were preparing to retire when Clairon remarked, "Here we are at the end of the world. Considering the bad weather and this location, I am sure Monsieur the Ghost will find it hard to find me."

But the instant this bit of levity was out of Hippolyte's mouth, she had the occasion to regret it. Once again, after the long respite, the agonized cry resounded. It was distinctly heard by all three women in the room, Clairon herself, Mme. Grandval, and Clairon's maid. Grandval, beside herself with terror, rushed down the stairs in complete *déshabillé*. Needless to say, that night not a soul slept in the St. Cloud house.

This was the final occasion on which Clairon heard the ghostly cry. But the spirit of Monseiur de S— was by no means through with her!

Shots in the Night

ABOUT a week after the command performance at Versailles, La Clairon was entertaining friends at dinner. Just as the clock struck eleven, a sound like that of a musket-shot clearly echoed throughout the apartment. It seemed to originate from just outside the window

where the cries had been heard previously. The sound was followed by a fiery flash. Everyone present heard and saw the two phenomena.

The consensus of opinion was that an attempt had been made upon the life of the actress. However, careful investigation showed no trace of any bullet. In fact, the window pane was as sound as ever. But one of the gay coterie, a prominent gentleman who was Clairon's latest lover, hastened to Monseiur de Marville, Lieutenant of Police, to whom he related the details of the ghostly episode.

The Archers of the Paris Police arrived at once and made a thorough search of the building from garret to cellar. Persons occupying adjoining buildings were also questioned. The police remained stationed inside and outside the buildings occupied by La Clairon and her immediate neighbors. Every precaution was taken, but every night for the ensuing three months, the sound of musket report, followed by a flash of fire, took place exactly at eleven o'clock. Not a single person, including the Archers, could determine the origin of the phenomena which became more persistent than ever. But by this time, Mlle. Clairon had became accustomed to the disturbances, and her own fears gradually diminished. The window became known all over the city as the "Haunted Window."

One exceptionally lovely summer evening, as Clairon and her influential lover were leaning over the balcony of the now notorious "Haunted Window," they heard the blood-curdling sound of a musket report. Both were hurled into the center of the room just behind the balcony. Neither was hurt, but the two compared notes. Each admitted receiving a sharp blow on the ear. But instead of being terrified, Clairon and the gentleman treated the incident as a joke.

The House Where He Died

A FEW days later, Hippolyte set out with her maid in a hackneycoach to a party at the home of a theatrical rival, Mlle. Dumesnil, who lived near the Barrière Blanche. The night was heady with the perfume of Parisian summer, and the young women were in buoyant spirits.

As the conveyance neared the Rampart by the Chaussée d' Antin, Mlle. Clairon and her maid

were suddenly overcome with sadness. The maid glanced out and pointed to two buildings.

"Wasn't it here, Mademoiselle, that Monsieur de S— died?"

Clairon replied in a low voice that as far as she knew, it had been one of these two houses. As she spoke, a clock in the vicinity chimed eleven. Hardly had the last stroke died away than the musket-shot was clearly heard by both women. It seemed to come from the direction of the houses just pointed out.

Other terrifying phenomena followed this episode—always as the clock struck eleven. Some of the sounds were like the measured clapping of hands, repeated at certain intervals. These often sounded as if they came from the proximity of the door to any room Clairon might at that moment be occupying. The actress' friends too, heard the hand-clapping, but did not see anything.

On numerous occasions, Hippolyte was haunted by a lovely voice singing a melody of inexpressible sadness. The song always remained unfinished. Once this music followed her from the Carrefour de Bussy all the way to the Rue de Bassy where it halted abruptly when she reached her home. Aside from brief respites, the phenomena lasted two and one-half years.

Two and One-half Years

SOME time after the cessation of the strange disturbances, Mlle. Clairon made it known that her apartment would soon be vacated. One of the persons who came to look at it was an aristocratic elderly woman, who somehow could not hide her excitement. Finally she confessed to the actress that her interest in the apartment *per se* was only feigned. Actually she wanted to discuss with Hippolyte their deceased mutual friend, young Monsieur de S—, for whom she had cared during his last illness.

She had begged him to forget his tragic infatuation, she told Clairon, but he was adamant. He declared he would continue to love her, even after death. Because Clairon refused to see him even once, his spirit would linger about her home and follow her everywhere for as long a period as he had been in love with her —*two and one-half years!*

A broiling steak, heavy timbers, and a batch of pumpkin pies either vanished or were transported in three days of tormen

THE COLORADO POLTERGEIST

James Crenshaw

IN every family history, it is said, there is a skeleton in the closet, but in the family of Mrs. Grace Dewey of Inglewood, California, it is a poltergeist—a puzzling experience that occurred in the Colorado home of her pioneer grandmother, Mrs. Julia Dory, many years ago.

Everyone knows a little about poltergeists now, since the ghostly antics of an invisible prankster created much havoc in the Long Island home of the James Herrmanns in 1958. Mysterious forces that throw objects, write on walls, and even start fires have been noted by psychic researchers and others for many years. The Herrmann case simply brought them to public attention with greater impact because of the headlines.

The Colorado poltergeist that haunts Mrs. Dewey's family history likewise was not unique—just diabolically resourceful and apt to confound mortal theorists who might seek to explain it away.

For instance, when Mrs. Dewey heard—via TV—Mr. Herrmann's far-fetched theory of the cause behind the popping bottles and flying crockery in the Sea

ford, L.I. home, she got out a manuscript more than half a century old and reread her mother's account of happenings that Mr. Herrmann's ingenious hypothesis couldn't possibly explain.

He had said that the phenomena might have been caused by a sort of combination of radar cross-currents that managed to focus themselves in the vicinity of his house, due to high powered emissions from nearby stations.

It was an interesting conjecture, except that it could not account for the even more bizarre occurrences set forth in the manuscripts. For one thing, those occurrences dated back to 1861. No radar in those days! For another, there was evidence of an extraordinary intelligence and intention behind them.

I heard about the manuscript when Mrs. Dewey called me at the *Evening Herald-Express* in Los Angeles to ask my opinion. She had been told of my book, *Telephone Between Worlds,* and its reportorial approach to psychic matters. So I was asked to look over her mother's account of the amazing Colorado poltergeist.

Of course, it could have been pure fiction, but that didn't seem likely in view of the typical pattern of the phenomena recorded. Furthermore, the obviously aging pages of the manuscript and the family background outlined by Mrs. Dewey tend to support its authenticity.

Mrs. Dewey's mother, Mrs. Emma Peck of Idaho Springs, Colorado, was a school teacher for many years in the Rocky Mountain country and became superintendent of schools in Routt County, Colorado. Mrs. Dewey's father, Harry B. Peck, was the son of James Peck, a well-known mining man who built the Peck House, a fine old hotel in Empire, Colorado.

Both mother and daughter heard the poltergeist story on a number of occasions from Mrs. Dewey's grandmother, Colorado pioneer Mrs. Julia Hull Dory, of Idaho Springs. Not that Mrs. Dory was prone to talk about the matter. It was the sort of thing she would rather—but could not—forget. Certainly it was devil's business, and no good had come of it.

She felt that only a devil would have power to carry out the mischievously evil program of annoyance that so plagued the Dory household for two days in early December, 1861.

Colorado Pioneer Life

LIKE all pioneer women, Mrs. Dory was used to the hardships and misadventures of western living. She had come to Colorado in a covered wagon from Ohio with her first husband, J. C. Hull. Their daughter, who became Mrs. Peck, was born en route. They settled in a small settlement called Blackhawk near Central City in Colorado, but shortly thereafter Hull was killed in a hunting accident.

In 1861, Mrs. Hull became the wife of a popular French-Canadian, John Dory. The name "Dory Hill" is still used for the place where he cleared timber and they raised their family.

Mrs. Dory died in 1916 at the age of 86, and both Mrs. Dewey and her mother, Mrs. Peck, had ample opportunity to quiz her about the Dory Hill poltergeist. The story never varied in broad detail, though at times she remembered some items more vividly than others.

Mrs. Peck decided to write about them when *Everybody's Magazine* announced a contest for stories of true psychic experiences. Her account was never published. Hamlin Garland, the author and psychic researcher, sent back a courteous letter of rejection, not because he disbelieved the story, but because the editor had specified personal, individual psychic experiences—the kind we would class these days under the heading of extra-sensory perception.

Hence the manuscript went into the family archives, rarely to be brought out for fear of raising too many questions and eyebrows.

Mrs. Dewey states that her mother was known for intelligence and integrity. In fact, before sending in the manuscript she consulted with a number of old Colorado residents who had known of the events and who attested to the validity of the related facts. Their names were submitted to the magazine for verification, and although they are all long since deceased, the faded documentation of what was common knowledge among them in the old days can now be published with some timeliness, in view of the happenings on Long Island.

The following, then, is Mrs. Peck's statement of what occurred in December, 1861, just as she wrote down it more than fifty years ago:

The following occurrences took place in the home of my parents when I was a child of less than three years, and were witnessed by at least forty people. My mother, who is present as I write, kept a faithful account of the happenings and has the account yet.

The phenomena, or at least a great part of them, took place in broad daylight without the aid of a "medium" or "psychic," for we did not then know the meaning of those words.

None of the members of the family was a spiritualist, nor had any of them ever attended a séance. Indeed, Mrs. Dory was bitterly opposed to spiritualism.

Three Perplexing Days

THE house was built of logs and stood in a little open park, surrounded by forests of pine and spruce on Dory Hill, Gilpin County, (then) Territory of Colorado.

The family consisted of my step-father, my mother, and three children: my brother, nearly five years old; myself, less than three; and a baby step-sister, six months old. Also there was an adopted daughter, Maggie, twelve years old. My father, Mr. Dory, had several men at the time employed in cutting timber, and they all boarded at the home.

My mother, Mrs. Dory, always speaks of the occurrences as "It." She begins her account in this way: "It began at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning on December third, 1861, and ended at 10 o'clock on Monday morning!"

Without further preamble, I will try to give an exact account of the phenomena just as they occurred, and this record is substantiated by reputable eye-witnesses. As I have stated, "It" began on Saturday morning.

The girl, Maggie, was washing clothes; my mother was making pumpkin pies in the pantry, which opened from the kitchen where Maggie was washing. She had mixed the milk, eggs, and pumpkin in a large milk pan, had her crust rolled out, and was ready to fill her pies, when her attention was called for a moment to the little children in the next room.

When she returned to her pie making she was very startled to discover a calico dress, which had just been wrung out of the tub, coiled around in her custard. She called to the girl in the kitchen, "Come here, Maggie. What does

this mean? How did your dress get into this custard?"

Maggie declared that she had not left her tub and indignantly denied any knowledge of the "accident." As no one but my mother, the young children, and Maggie were in the house at the time, it was given up as a "strange thing," and Maggie returned to her washing, only to discover that her basket of clothes, which she had just wrung out of the tub, had disappeared. A search revealed them coiled around in a mud puddle at the rear of the house, just as they had been wrung out by hand. The women were mystified as to the cause.

Upon returning to the pantry, Mrs. Dory discovered that her pie crust was missing. So she prepared dinner for the working men and the family, omitting the pie. Her husband was absent from home at the time on a short journey.

Disappearing Dinner

AT noon the men came in from the timber, and Mrs. Dory, having placed dinner on the table, stepped quickly to the door of the adjoining room and announced that the dinner was ready.

The men immediately followed her into the dinner room, but they stood still in amazement at finding the table bare and the table cloth slipping under the closed outside door. It stopped the moment their eyes fell upon it. Upon opening the door, the contents of the dinner table were discovered placed upon the ground in the same order in which they had been placed upon the table, and there was no living human being in sight. The whole occurrence could not have taken over five minutes.

To say that all were startled and amazed but feebly expresses the situation. The dishes and food were returned to the table and dinner was eaten during an animated discussion of the queer happenings of the forenoon. Several of the men declared that they would stay at home that afternoon and catch the trickster or trickstress who was playing the pranks and punish either soundly. In the end, none of the men returned to work.

The canvas which covered the ceiling was noticed to be sagging greatly, and there being no hole in it, a man took his knife and slit a large hole, when down tumbled a large armful of stove

wood. A loft overhead was tightly floored with thick pine boards with positively no opening between this and the canvas, nor in the floor itself.

The house was thoroughly searched for a possible perpetrator of the pranks, but to no avail. If a room was vacated for a minute, upon returning, the furniture would be found in confusion; dozens of articles misplaced—yet not a sound had been heard.

In the evening my mother prepared to bathe the children and change their clothes but could not find a garment. Some days afterward a brother-in-law who had been absent at the time of the occurrences, upon returning home and unlocking his trunk, found the children's clothing within. He had the key in his possession all the time he was gone, and consequently the trunk had not been opened during the time.

During the night, no one retired but the children, and lights were kept burning. Yet pans of milk which were filled to the brim on the shelves were instantly transferred from the pantry across the kitchen into the bedroom and placed on the bodies of the sleeping children without spilling a drop. The cream was not broken until someone attempted to remove them.

Mrs. Dory discovered a flatiron resting upon a pillow, and took hold of the handle to remove it. To her surprise, it burned her hand. She let it fall to the floor, where it burned deeply into the pine board. Yet the pillow was not scorched. When we moved from there seven years later, I was a girl of ten, and I remember the burned place well.

Mr. Dory Returns

SUNDAY morning Mr. Dory returned, and as he had not breakfasted he requested his wife to prepare something for him to eat. She related the strange phenomena that had taken place during his absence. He ridiculed the idea of anything supernatural and, seating himself at the table with the youngest child upon his knee, asked her to "hurry up" with the breakfast she was cooking.

She placed the cloth upon the kitchen table and arranged everything but the steak and requested him to watch the table while she broiled the meat. He turned his head toward the stove to speak

to her, and everything silently disappeared from the table. Mrs. Dory ran to the table, saying woman-like: "I told you so!" And her steak vanished from the stove, though not a sound was heard nor was anything seen that could possibly explain the strange disappearance.

The carving knife and fork, which had lain beside Mr. Dory's plate, were found weeks afterward under the eaves of the house. The steak was found that night under a pillow on one of the beds.

In the living room was a large old-fashioned fireplace, where the fire was kept burning during the winter. Into this fire, the "steelyards" were placed and burned blue. My mother still has the "steelyards" with the effect of the fire showing plainly.

By this time, word had reached the nearby town. Dozens of people came to see the "strange doin's" and try to ferret out the perpetrators of these pranks, but they were no wiser than those already there.

Pen, ink, and paper were mysteriously taken from a shelf and placed in Mrs. Dory's room on a stand and in other places around the house, as if inviting questions to be asked, but Mrs. Dory, though urged by many to do so, would not consent to write a question or take part in a "sitting," being as before stated bitterly opposed to anything approaching spiritualism.

The "performance" continued. All sorts of articles disappeared under one's very nose. Loaves of bread were thrown into the "swill barrel," and food was destroyed as soon as it was prepared unless watched every minute. A cake of soap was placed in each pan of milk. For one meal, the only available food was potatoes boiled in their jackets.

Whip in the Buttermilk

ONE of the men had a braided whip of leather, made by himself, which he prized highly. He tied this securely in many intricate knots around a beam overhead in the kitchen and stepped into the next room to call someone to see how he had fixed his whip so "It" could not take it.

Returning in a moment, he found his whip gone. After a tiresome search, it was found coiled up in a five-gallon jar of buttermilk. The man was an expert at tying knots, as were so

many of the frontiersmen of that day, and he declared that no one but an expert could have untied the many knots in less than half an hour. Yet not over five minutes elapsed between the tying and the disappearance of the whip.

Mr. and Mrs. Dory became annoyed at the state of affairs, so they sent the girl Maggie with the older children to a neighbor's a mile distant. Then, requesting everybody to leave the house, they bolted the kitchen door with a heavy iron bolt, which extended entirely across the door and went into the next room and bolted that door also.

After a few minutes, they returned to the kitchen and were astounded to find the contents of two ten-gallon kegs of ashes, which had been kept for soap making at a distance from the house, dumped into the middle of the floor. A large number of big iron thimble-skeins, brought from the blacksmith shop some distance from the house, adorned the cubbard shelves, lying all over the dishes and hanging on hooks and nails. They were very heavy. Yet no dishes were broken.

It required several trips to the blacksmith shop to restore the "thimbles," though but a few minutes were required by this mysterious force to put them in the kitchen.

Blessing the House

THE phenomena, performance, or whatever you may choose to call it kept up until Monday morning, when an old Catholic priest came to the ranch to get a horse which he had in pasture. He was appealed to and said that he could stop it, but first he must eat some salt, lest the plague should come upon him. He asked for a piece of chalk.

Going to the "end room" of the long house, he drew three crosses at the top of each window and on each window sill in the room and fasterned the windows securely. Then making sure that everybody left the room before he did, he passed out last, making three crosses at the top of the door and on the door sill, locking the door.

He did the same in the next room, making three crosses as in the other rooms at the top and bottom of each door and window, fastening each window and door securely behind him and making sure that no one was in the house

before he left. At last they all passed out of the kitchen door, and the priest made his final crosses, locked the door on the outside and gave the key to Mr. and Mrs. Dory, requesting that no one be allowed to enter the house while he went to the pasture for his horse.

He was gone possibly half an hour. When he returned, the crowd, curious to see what had happened, if anything, hastened to the house with him. They found at the kitchen door a heavy stick of timber and a ladder crossed. (The ladder must have been brought from the barn, and the timber was so heavy that it required two men to remove it.)

The rake and the hoe, the broom and the pitchfork, and, upon entering the kitchen, the knives and the forks were found crossed, as were the spoons, the tallow candles, etc. In the next room, the fire shovel and tongs were crossed; matches were la on the window sills in the form crosses and so on throughout t house, though positively no o had entered the house during t priest's absence.

The crosses were counted, a there proved to be just as ma as the priest had made, no mo and no less, and then the ph nomena ceased as suddenly they had begun, having last from 10 o'clock Saturday mo ing to 10 o'clock Monday mo ing. No satisfactory explanati for the events was ever fou

I should state here that member of the family was a R man Catholic, my mother havi been brought up a strict Presb terian, while my step-father c sidered himself an atheist.

Explain, who can? I have giv a plain, straightforward acco of the occurrences and have ma no attempt to write a sensatio article.

I KNEW THE FUTURE!

Marie S. Bordner

THE researches of the Parapsychology Labaratory of Duke University and of scientists in other parts of the world have revealed that E.S.P. (extra-sensory perception) is a capacity of the mind that is present in many persons, in varying degrees. I believe I have this "sixth sense," for in my life I have experienced many strange and seemingly inexplicable occurrences.

I have "seen" things happening, at the same time they were happening, sometimes thousands of miles away.

I have had premonitions of accidents, which enabled me to save others from injury.

I have had a "visit" from a dead person, who gave me a warning of something that was to happen to a mutual friend.

I have been able to "read" facts and predictions about persons that I had never seen before.

However, I am not a medium nor crystal gazer. I am an advertising copywriter, leading a normal, if hectic, business life. I did not seek these experiences—they sought me. Others may

accept or reject the validity of the following stories. However, I *must* accept them. They happened to me!

Through these experiences I have come to believe that man has some quality which enables him, under certain conditions, to transcend time and space. This is especially so in times of great need—of self or of a loved one.

I had a number of psychic experiences in my youth, but at the time they were not meaningful to me. It was only as I recalled them much later, with the increased knowledge of subsequent events, that I realized that some stronger force must have been at work. It took a definite experience, when I was in my teens, to prove to me without doubt that at times I had a power that went beyond the capacities of my normal, conscious mind.

Teen-age Tea Party

ONE of my best friends was going to entertain her sister's school chums from a southern college—three girls whom we had never met. She asked me for some suggestions. She wanted to give a party with "a different angle." I told her I would give it some thought.

Going over some old magazin in the attic, I found an article tea leaf reading which was co ing into vogue in tea roo throughout the country. T would be it, I decided! I wou pretend to read tea leaves her guests.

I knew nothing about the su ject and had heard of it b vaguely. I studied the simp directions and diagrams: a hea formed by leaves, meant a mance. Crossed sticks were qu rels or a parting of the ways, e I could add lots of things you girls were interested in and w eager to believe, I thought, su as, "A dark man wants to m you," or "A blonde Adonis is cretly in love with you." T would be fun. I went gaily to the party. They all gathe around the table, each one wa ing to be first. I instructed th officiously (according to the m azine), "Turn the cup arou three times for magic and t it upside down." This was loosen the massed leaves so t only the "fortune" would cl to the bottom and sides.

I took the first cup ginge hoping my glibness would desert me. I stared into it e nestly while I tried to think

something which could apply personally to the bright-eyed girl opposite me. Everybody waited expectantly. "What a fraud you are," I thought to myself.

And then suddenly I had a lot of things to say. The first had to do with the past, which was risky because it had to be true, but somehow I knew it was. "You started to go on a short trip today, but when you were half way there you changed your mind and went elsewhere."

She answered, "Yes."

Sentence after sentence followed while the girls sat there spellbound. "One of you will get a telegram to return home sooner than expected," I said. (The next day, the telegram arrived.)

My hostess began giving me frantic signals to join her in the kitchen. but I couldn't get away. Finally, she said, "Just a minute girls, I want Marie to help me with something."

When the swinging door closed behind us she grasped my arm. "Where are you getting this stuff?" she demanded. "Did Edith (her sister) call you up?"

I shook my head, "No, it just occurs to me and I say it!"

"Well that is utterly amazing! It's all true!"

I must have turned white, for she took a decanter from a cupboard and poured me some brandy while I tried to still the trembling of my limbs. My Roman Catholic upbringing led me to disapprove of fortune tellers, soothsayers, etc. I even thought they might be possessed by the devil or evil spirits. Was I then possessed by such? It was a shattering thought that left me thoroughly frightened. None of my former experiences had prepared me for this.

My own cup of tea and a piece of delicious cake were left untouched on the table. I asked to be excused to a chorus of protests. My friend, who was considerably worried by my reaction, wanted to drive me the four blocks to my home but I refused. I had to be alone to think this over, to try to assimilate what the night had revealed.

I passed the dark and lonely high school, closed for the summer vaction. Around it was a high hedge and, as a breeze rippled through the branches, suddenly it looked like a dense wood remembered from my childhood where my father had often pointed out the ghostly glow of foxfire. . . and I panicked.

The devil must have marked me for his own, I thought! How else could I account for this awesome ability? Fumbling in my bag for my rosary beads I wrapped them around my hand and ran the entire way home. Exhausted, I sank down on the darkened porch to gain my composure before facing my family. Why did I ever get mixed up with something beyond my comprehension? I did not want to hear anything more about tea leaf reading—at that time or later.

A Face in the Night

YEARS later, when I learned more about extra-sensory perception, I was no longer so full of fear and guilt feelings. Then I recalled another experience from my early life that was also, no doubt, an example of E.S.P., though at that time I had no name for it and could only wonder about it.

I met a young man and we became good friends. We both had inquiring minds and we loved to have long discussions about serious matters. We spent many hours together, when he could get away from the many chores on his father's farm and his job as a rural mail carrier.

One night I was saying m prayers on my knees at the sid of my bed, as was my custom when suddenly, seemingly with out volition, I leaped to my fee and cried out, "Oh, David don't!"

A moment later I found mysel standing against the opposit wall, trembling violently. Muc puzzled and upset, I wondere if I could be losing my mind. crawled into bed but could nd relax. I noticed the clock on th table; it read 11:15.

The next night I could scarcel wait for David to arrive. Th episode of the night before ha been too vivid, too disturbing not to have some significance Certainly it was connected wit him.

When he stepped inside th door the first thing I said was "What were you doing last nigh at eleven o'clock?"

A strange and wondering loo passed over his face. "Petite (hi nickname for me), you kept m from committing a murder las night!"

On his job Dave carried a gu for the protection of the mail. H was driving home late from a errand in another town when car overtook his and and a ma

called out for him to stop. Dave stopped, thinking someone needed help. The stranger jumped from his car; coming towards Dave he started to hurl insults and obscenities at him. Dave was accused of unbelievable things and suddenly he lost his temper completely. The man made a move towards his back pocket and Dave pulled his gun from the glove compartment of his car. He had his finger on the trigger ready to pull when—in his own words: "Petite, I swear at that moment your face came between us as plainly as I see you now!"

He was so startled that he dropped his arm. The headlights of a car coming up the road flicked over his face and the man stepped back in surprise. "Why you're not the fellow I thought you were!" he said. He leaped into his car and drove away, evidently afraid of what Dave would do about such an ill-advised incident. But Dave was lost in wonder at the apparition of me that he had just seen.

Why did part of me know what was happening and respond to Dave's danger miles away, while part of me remained in my room, not knowing what was happening yet co-operating by calling out a warning to Dave? Were two different parts of my being acting in unison in two different places at the same time? Evidently, yes.

War-time Message

FOUR of my nephews were fighting in World War II at one time. Two in the Pacific area and two in the European campaign. One of these boys—named Lee—was closer to me than the others, possibly because he had spent more time with my family and me.

One evening while resting after work, I suddenly saw, in my mind, a picture of Lee running—running desperately as from some great danger. I could see plainly that he was headed for a doorway with an arched portal. It seemed terribly important to me that he reach it, but before he did so the picture faded and another took its place. Some men were putting Lee in the back of a vehicle which I could not see. I knew that in that blacked-out second Lee had been injured. Later this was confirmed by message and many months later by Lee himself. It happened just as I had seen it. He was running from a bomb—he was hit by a

fragment and put in the back of a jeep.

My astral body, spirit, mind, or whatever you want to call it had traveled across the ocean in the twinkling of an eye. I was there! I saw it happen! But why did I not see him hit? Did the spirit turn away from a sight it did not want to witness or was I spared by a kind Providence?

Some years later, a different type of experience occurred to me. Living next door to me for many years was a friend named Alice, one of the sweetest persons I ever knew, and her Aunt. Alice had been raised by this beloved aunt and uncle and trained for a career in music, which she loved. But ill-fortune struck the family bringing many changes and she was forced to take an office job that she hated. Her life was one frustration after another. Finally she acquired cancer and died of it.

After her death I was sitting in the garden where we had spent so many evenings talking. We had discussed ideas, beliefs, faiths, philosophies — anything which might be a means through which she could become resigned to the death which she knew was near.

It was the most beautiful time of day—twilight. Peace seemed to have settled upon the earth. The perfume of lillies and petunias around me was strong. White night moths fluttered from flower to flower. Suddenly I was struck with an awareness; the world around me seemed to recede and I waited in intense anticipation for something. Then into my mind came one sentence: "Tell Aunt Hattie to be careful of the stairs."

It was urgently clear and precise. I whispered "Alice!" and waited, holding my breath, but nothing else came to me. The mimosa tree ruffled its branches in the wind, and a sleepy bird peeped.

I knew I had to deliver this message—it was urgent—so I went next door and told her Aunt that I had dreamed it, afraid she would think me demented if I told her I was wide awake. To my surprise the old lady, who was more than eighty years old, took it as a matter of course. "Oh," she replied, "Alice was always afraid I would fall down those back stairs."

A few weeks later she got up in the night, mistook one door for another and fell down the entire

flight of stairs. So critically injured was she they thought she might not recover. She had to remain in bed for weeks.

Does this mean that our loved ones who have gone before are sometimes able to warn us of danger but unable to prevent it?

"Watch that Bridge!"

ONE day the grocery boy delivered my order and a warning for him suddenly flashed into my mind. . . but how to tell him? After some verbal give-and-take I asked him: "Do you go out Route 42 and pass the old Harker estate?"

"Not on my regular route," he replied. "Why?"

"There's a railroad bridge with an abrupt approach to it, isn't there?"

"Yes," he answered expectantly.

"Well," I finished lamely, "it's a dangerous place and if I were you, I'd be careful when I go by there. You could easily have an accident."

"Yeh, I guess you could at that." By his expression he evidently thought I was a nut. Well, I told myself, you tried, anyway. What else could I do?

About a week later when he came with my order he said. "Mrs. Bordner, you must be psychic or something. You know that bridge you mentioned last week? I was going out there to visit a friend and as I came close to that bridge, I remembered what you said, and I slowed up. It's a good thing I did too, for a guy was coming up the other side at about sixty. He swerved as he came on and if I hadn't slowed up when I did he would have hit me head-on! Thanks for the warning."

He drove off laughing at what he thought was a mere coincidence. I looked after him, turning a can of beans over and over. What did I have in my hands?

The Stranger at the Dance

AN earlier episode calls attention to the fact that some of the things I said and wrote half-seriously could turn out to be prophetic. On this occasion I made three statements in jest that came true twenty years later.

I had gone for a drive with some girls I knew but slightly. We drove through a small mining town in the vicinity of my home town and discovered that a dance was going on. Having nothing better to do, we parked and went in. The other girls spotted some

boys from another town that they knew and I didn't. They danced gaily off with them, leaving me stranded against the wall.

Presently I spied a tall young man coming in. Among the miners and small town boys, he stood out strikingly. He wore an expensive-looking suit, an immaculate white shirt, and had a sophisticated bearing. He looked as if he had strayed out of the pages of *Esquire*. He spotted me and came down to ask me to dance. On my tip-toes I could just about see over his shoulder. Heads turned, eyebrows went up, lips formed the question, "Where did you find him?" I was the envy of the other girls.

He began to ask me questions. "You're not from this town, are you?" I shook my head.

"Where are you from?" he continued.

I wanted to appear "big town," as I knew he was, so I said, "Philadelphia."

I had never been to Philadelphia except to pass through, but I hated it as I did all big cities at that time. It was just a bit of pretension, normal in a girl of my age.

His next question was: "Are you married?"

Embarked upon a fictional c reer, I decided to continue So, I replied, "No, I'm a widow

He guessed that I was kiddin but he went along with the ga "What did your husband die of did you throw him down t steps?" He said this with a gri for I was a five-foot, ninety-pou model.

"No," I said slowly, "He di of heart failure!" For some re son this sounded funny to u and we both burst out laughin The young man was in that v cinity to help plan a home for world-famous millionaire and never saw him again.

However twenty years later was living in Philadelphia; I w a widow; and my husband h died of heart failure!

A Bay and White Horse

A TALENTED young fashi artist was on the staff of t large store where I was assista advertising manager. We becam very good friends and ro around constantly in her sm sports car.

She was an ardent horsewom and not only kept her own ridi horse but also often exercis the various horses at her coun club.

One day I was troubled by a premonition of danger to her from a horse. I tried to forget it, as I knew she would only laugh at me. Besides, she was an expert rider who was afraid of no horse she had ever seen. She had been riding since she was eight years old.

Finally I asked her, "Do you ride a bay-colored horse, perhaps with some white through the mane, and an extra long tail?"

"Why, no," she answered. "There is no horse of that sort at the country club. Why do you ask?"

"Oh," I said, lamely, "I have a premonition of danger to you from such a horse. Please be careful."

Jane was the earthy type who lived for today and didn't trouble herself about tomorrow. "Oh, you and your notions!" she scoffed. "You're slightly 'teched' but I like you anyway!" And, laughing at my serious face, she drove away.

A week or so later she drove her car to the country club and was immediately hailed by the men from the stables.

"Hi, Jane!" they called. "We have a horse we want you to ride."

One of them went inside and came out with . . . the horse of my description. Jane stood there stupified.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked.

"Nothing!" they answered. "We just wanted to see if you could ride him."

She knew they were baiting her. They were fully aware of her riding ability and all the trophies she had won. But pride would not permit her to refuse to ride him. She got on him very warily, as she was considerably upset by the accuracy of my word picture.

The horse started off docily enough, but she was on her guard. Suddenly he bolted. It took all her knowledge of horses to bring him under control. If she had not been forewarned she most surely would have been thrown.

She took him back to the stable and demanded to know what was wrong with him. The men, rather embarrassed, when they saw how shaken she was, told her this horse had been in a spill and pile-up of horses in a race and he had emerged so nervous that he was sent to the country club to recuperate.

She hurried to my home to tell me about it, very excited. When she was leaving, she turned at my gate and said, "Marie, you have some quality. . . I don't know what it is!" and, shaking her head, she went down the walk. I gazed after her. I shook my head also. I did not know what it was either.

Divine Plan

THESE are just a few of the unaccountable things I have experienced. I never know when something will come zooming out of my past to materialize in the present. Sometimes I lie awake fighting the fear that some tragic thing I have written or spoken years ago might be prophetic.

However, I remind myself that the awesome things happening in the world today as well as the wonderful things that may tak place in the world tomorrow ar following a divine plan. Ma must work out his destiny wit the guidance of God. Even m small part must be played out t the end.

Sometimes I think I have miraculous key in my possessio But if I do, I also know that I a too puny and too insignificant t unlock this door that has bee shut since the beginning of tim Does the solution await the labo of some learned scientist, som great prophet, or some outstan ing person? Will some of th world's next great discoveries b concerned with psychic ph nomena? If so, time may flo backward or forward in compl ance with urgent needs. On the future will reveal if this possible.

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he man who created Sherlock Holmes was born a century ago, ut few recall that his deepest concern was life after death

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: CHAMPION SPIRITUALIST

Mercy Phillimore

FEW fictional characters in the history of letters have become real that millions of people all ver the world have assumed that ey were actual persons—and ven those who knew better per- sted in thinking of this creation an author's mind as a real man, ossessing life and breath. How- er, such has been the case with at prototype of the cool, bril- ntly analytical detective, Sher- ck Holmes, the creation of the nglish author, Sir Arthur Conan oyle.

In fact, this fame was so great at, throughout his life, Conan Doyle received many more letters addressed to the fictional detective than to himself. Despite that fact, the life of Sir Arthur was exciting in many ways, and much more completely rounded than the experiences of Sherlock Holmes and his bluff, hearty companion, Dr. Watson.

May 22nd, 1959 was the one-hundredth anniversary of Conan Doyle's birth. Today, although millions revere his memory as a writer, as an accomplished sportsman, as a defender of the honor of the British nation and as a physician who served in three

wars, it is not so widely known that he was also an interested psychic investigator, and, from 1916 to his death in 1930, was one of the foremost workers and missionaries for the cause of spiritualism in the world. In fact, in recognition of the part he played in the growth of that religious movement, he was sometimes referred to as "the St. Paul of Spiritualism."

Conan Doyle had been introduced to psychic phenomena as early as 1887, attending séances at the home of one of his medical patients in Southsea, a certain General Drayson. But, in 1902, when he was to be knighted by King Edward VII, he was still not convinced that the survival of the spirit could be proved.

Lodge and the "Spooks"

BY coincidence, the outstanding English psychical researcher, Oliver Lodge, was to be knighted on that same day—Lodge for his work and discoveries in physics, whereas Conan Doyle was honored for his service in and his pamphlets replying to vicious propaganda during the Boer War. While awaiting their call to the Royal Presence, they fell to talking about "spooks." At that time, he stated later, Conan Do found that he was much less pressed with the significance psychic phenomena than Lodge. Strangely enough, on number of later occasions, no bly in 1922 and 1930, their po tions were to be reversed—w Lodge defending the position the critical researcher and Co Doyle advocating complete co mitment and belief in survi

Conan Doyle was born on M 22, 1859 in Edinburgh, Sc land. His ancestry was dis guished on both sides of family. His paternal gra father, John Doyle, came fr Dublin in 1815 and made a g reputation in London as a p tical caricaturist under the name of "H. B."

John Dickson Carr *in the of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* wr "This John Doyle of the I landed Catholic gentry had c to England from an estate rui by generations of penal l against Catholics. The fa was of old Norman descent had been granted estates in land in the first half of the f teenth century."

John Doyle had four sons, of whom were gifted as ar

he most famous was "Dicky" oyle. He contributed to Punch, ie well known humor magazine, nd the old familiar cover de-gn was his work. An elder rother, James Doyle, wrote *The hronicles of England*, illustrated ith colored pictures by himself. ir Arthur's father was Charles oyle, the youngest of the four ns. He painted in water color nd did pen and ink drawings; is professional occupation was ith the Government Office of Vorks in Edinburgh. Another rother was Henry Doyle, recog-ised as a great judge of old aintings, who in later years be-ame manager of the National allery in Dublin.

Of his maternal forebears Sir rthur wrote that his uncle, Sir enis Pack, led the Scottish Bri-ade at Waterloo.

When he was ten years of age, rthur was sent to Hodder, hich is the Preparatory School r Stonyhurst, a big Roman atholic school. He spent two ears there and then moved on Stonyhurst for seven years. rom there he was sent for one ear to a Jesuit School at Feld-rch in Germany. He left that hool in 1876, returned home Edinburgh and entered the medical school from which he emerged in 1881 as a Bachelor of Medicine. Sometime later, he left the Catholic Church.

It was during his student days in Edinburgh that he came in contact with Joseph Bell, surgeon of the Edinburgh Infirmary, whose comprehensive methods of observation in diagnosis inspired Conan Doyle with ideas which eventuated in Sherlock Holmes. Bell also diagnosed character; it was said that he was able to deduce the occupation and history of anyone he met within five minutes.

First Holmes Story

CONAN Doyle took up medical practice in Southsea but, after six years of work, he felt the need to augment his income, as his number of patients was small. Accordingly, he wrote his first novel, *A Study in Scarlet*, in which Sherlock Holmes made his original appearance. This was purchased for 25 pounds by Ward, Lock and Co., and published in "Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1887."

Two years later, the detective reappeared in *The Sign of Four*, but it was only after 1892, when Holmes was presented in serials

—each complete in itself—in the *Strand Magazine* that he began to receive wide acclaim. Meanwhile, Conan Doyle had written novels on other subjects, such as *Micah Clarke* (1888), *The White Company* (1890), *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* (1896) and *Rodney Stone* (1896). Conan Doyle considered these novels and his later historical volumes as his best work, but the public failed to agree with him—never tiring of the adventures of Holmes and Watson.

In the same year that his first novel appeared, Conan Doyle attended the séances of a medium named Horstead, at the invitation of General Drayson, an astronomer and mathematician. Although he respected Drayson's honor and veracity, like the majority of thoughtful people when they first come into contact with mediumship, he suspected that fraud, either conscious or unconscious, must account for such unusual experiences.

He read all of the material available on the subject and continued to attend séances and experiments in automatic writing; however, he traveled the road of critical care until 1916. In that year a personal experience supplied the final bit of evidence needed to satisfy his analyti reservations. Although he ne revealed the message to any his immediate family, and o partially to them, we know t it was apparently a commu cation from Malcolm Leckie, wife's favorite brother.

Captain Leckie died of wou received in one of the first battles of World War I, in S tember, 1914. Sometime early 1916, Conan Doyle received message that was of such an i mately personal nature that could have been known only Malcolm Leckie and himself. it he found the objective p he had been seeking for th years.

"Further Proof Superfluous .

IN an article in *Light*, the ma zine of psychical research, Arthur announced his belief the reality of communica with the dead. Appearing November, 1916, he wrote: spite of occasional fraud and imaginings, there remains a s core of this whole spiritual m ment which is infinitely ne to positive proof than any o religious development which I am acquainted. . .

ve reached a point where fur-
er proof is superfluous, and
here the weight of disproof
s upon those who deny."
This conviction, doubtlessly
e to the interplay between rea-
n and intuition, the surest dual
urce of understanding, proved
be a dynamic motivating force
his life. In one leap, it led him
st psychical research (where
e weight of proof tacitly re-
ins upon those who would es-
olish survival), into the ac-
ptance of the whole-hearted
iritualist.
Conan Doyle was bursting to
t into the war, even though
was over-age. He visited the
nt lines a number of times,
d was busy with suggestions
a strategic tunnel and for
rtial armor for the soldiers.
owever, his family's personal
crifice was not over; his son
his first wife, Kingsley Conan
oyle, also a captain, was
ounded in the battle of the
mme in 1916. He was expected
recover, but, in his weakened
ndition, he died of pneumonia
October 28, 1918. The fol-
ving February, Sir Arthur's
other, Brigadier-General Innes
ay Doyle, also died of pneu-
onia after returning from war.

In 1918, Conan Doyle published his book *The New Revelation.* In it he wrote these lines: "When the War came it brought earnestness into all our souls and made us look more closely at our own beliefs and re-assess their values. In the presence of an agonised world, hearing every day of the deaths of the flower of our race in the first promise of their unfulfilled youth, seeing around one the wives and mothers who had no clear conception whither their loved one had gone to, I seemed suddenly to see that this subject with which I had so long dallied was not merely a study of a force outside the rules of science, but that it was really something tremendous, a breaking down of the walls between two worlds, a direct undeniable message from beyond, a call of hope and of guidance to the human race at the time of its deepest affliction.

"The objective side of it ceased to interest, for having made up one's mind that it was true, there was an end of the matter. The religious side of it was clearly of infinitely greater importance."

The last line especially is of interest, as it seems to offer an explanation of the mystery of his

alleged "credulity" in his support of many controversial manifestations.

The Spirits and the Fairies

HE brought out a good number of books relating to spiritualism after this time. The two-volume work, *The History of Spiritualism,* appeared in 1926. *The Wanderings of a Spiritualist* (1921), *The Coming of the Fairies* (1922), and *The Case for Spirit Photography* (1924) belong to this period of his life. The book about fairies included the famous "Cottingley Fairy Photographs"—photographs of two teen-age girls gazing at small figures, resembling paper cutouts of fairies and gnomes.

Regarding this book and other statements by Sir Arthur, Joseph Jastrow, Professor of Psychology, University of Wisconsin, wrote in the New York *Times,* Sept. 2, 1923: "It is very easy to show that Sir Arthur has been repeatedly and grossly deceived by the most vulgar kind of spirit-séance that is designed to prey upon the emotions of the gullible. He has subscribed to the genuineness of frauds that have been repeatedly exposed to the last detail of ingenious or clumsy deception.

"He has attempted to revive belief in the reality of fair based on photographic eviden so palpably fraudulent that t children of like age as those w made the photographs wou hardly be convinced. In brief, there is any one member of t very small modern group of d tinguished men who for one re son or another have gone over the delusion of the supernorm who is thoroughly discredited his versatile and eager credul and his readiness to ignore all t exposure of fraud that has be accumulated, it is Sir Arth Conan Doyle."

Despite criticism such as th he continued to work in this fie During his spiritual mission was angered that mediums cou be prosecuted by the police und the old Witchcraft Act a Vagrancy Act. He support those spiritualists who work for the amendment of the a In fact, only six days before death on July 7, 1930, he head a deputation to the House Commons which was received Mr. Clynes, then Home Sec tary. But it was not until af his death that the Witchcr Act was abolished and Vagrancy Act amended.

dventures and Causes

AMONG the pamphlets he wrote were those on Crimiology, Divorce, Defense, and ilitary Service.

He twice stood for Parliament Scottish Constituencies in the onservative interest, first for the entral Division of Edinburgh, nd in 1906 for the Border urghs of Hawick, Selkirk, and alashiels. But on neither ocasion was he elected.

Sir Arthur's life was without xaggeration a full one. Let him eak for himself. In the preface his *Memories and Adventures* London, 1924) he wrote: "I ave had a life which, for variety nd romance could, I think, ardly be exceeded. I have nown what it was to be a poor an, and I have known what it as to be fairly affluent. I ave sampled every kind of huan experience. I have known any of the most remarkable en of my time. I have had a ng literary career after a medil training which gave me the .D. of Edinburgh.

"I have tried my hand at very any sports, including boxing, icket, billiards, motoring, footll, aeronautics and ski-ing, hav- been the first to introduce the latter for long journeys into Switzerland. I have traveled as Doctor to a whaler for seven months in the Arctic, and afterwards on the West Coast of Africa. I have seen something in three wars, the Soudanese, the South African, and the German...

"Finally I have been constrained to devote my latter years to telling the world the final result of thirty-six years' study of the occult, and in endeavouring to make it realize the overwhelming importance of the question."

His regular literary work continued, although in not the same quantity. Novels and histories included: *Round the Red Lamp* (1902), *Sir Nigel* (1906—which, along with *The White Company,* he considered his best work), *The Great Boer War* (1900), *History of the British Campaign in France and Flanders* (six volumes, 1915-20), and *The British Campaign in Europe* (1928).

The Sherlock Holmes stories and books continued to appear: *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1891), *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* (1893), *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1902), *Return of Sherlock Holmes* (1904), and *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes* (1927)

Conan Doyle, tiring of the detective's exploits, had him killed by his arch-enemy, Professor Moriarty. But the public would not accept his demise. Conan Doyle was forced to bring him back to life to satisfy the demand.

Campaigns for Justice

HE achieved considerable fame by his successful advocacy of the innocence of two unfortunate men who were wrongfully accused of murder and sentenced to prison. Death sentences were not passed, for in each case the evidence against the man was inconclusive on a few points. One case was that of Edalji in 1906 and the other of Oscar Slater, who served eighteen years of his term and was released shortly before World War I.

His first wife was the former Louise Hawkins, of a Gloucestershire family, whom he married in 1885. Her death was preceded by years of invalidism. Two children were born of this marriage. His daughter, Mary, gave untiring service in the psychic Bookshop which he opened within a stone's throw of Westminister Abbey. Kingsley, as mentioned previously, died during the war.

In 1907, Sir Arthur married second time. The lady was M Jean Leckie, of acknowledg beauty and charm. Lady Co Doyle was equally interested spiritualism, and, at times, ex cised her talents at automat writing and elementary mediu ship. There is no doubt that t was an exceptionally happy u ion. There were three children this marriage: Denis, Adria and Lena.

During Sir Arthur's spiritu campaign in England he visit many of the chief cities, alwa with the supporting loyalty his wife. He planned a wo tour for his mission. In 1920 set out for Australia and Ne Zealand in company with wife, their three children, Ma Wood and "a tireless serva Jakeman." Their travels were p ceded by a Farewell Luncheon the Holborn Restaurant, when testimonial signed by all who tended, was presented to h He toured the United States 1922 and again in 1923. At later date they visited the Scan navian countries, and bef death overtook him in 1932 was making plans for a trip Rome, Athens, and Constan nople.

Conan Doyle vs. Houdini

HE was an active member of the society for Psychical Research (London) for 36 years. n 1922, he stood up for William Hope, the spirit photographer, gainst the exposure of his methds by researcher Harry Price nd others. He was the worthy pponent of magician Harry Houdini in the tests and controersy over the "Margery Medimship" (Mrs. L. R. G. Cranon), which occupied the main ttention of the American Soiety for Psychical Research from bout 1928 to 1935. (The materalizations of Margery later fell o earth, due to the discovery that ome of the so-called "spirit nger-prints," taken in a wax old, were actually the thumb rints of a living man, Mrs. Cranon's dentist.)

The last controversy in which ir Arthur was involved came bout when he protested Theore Besterman's negative review n the *Journal* of the S. P. R. of a ook concerning Ernesto Bozano by Gwedolyn Hack. Sir rthur took this opportunity to esign from the S. P. R., writing circular letter to all members sking them to join him in regning, as a protest against the "essentially unscientific and biassed work" of the society. Although Conan Doyle considered that 84 members had followed him, the editor of the *Journal*, in the March, 1930 issue, announced that "the total of all resignations since his [Conan Doyle's] circular is six."

We may note that in a few years after his death, the work of Dr. J. B. Rhine and others in tests for extra-sensory perception began to attract the attention of a great many psychic researchers. With this movement, the interest in spirit photography, ectoplasm, levitations, and materializations showed a sharp decline.

The resting place for Conan Doyle's mortal remains is in his garden at Crowborough. A brilliant summer day dawned for the last ceremony. The numerous company of friends and devoted followers who gathered in his garden revealed a spirit of confidence and hope which triumphed over the grief of loss.

"Great-Hearted Man"

ONE would wish to summarize the net result of the ardent work of this great-hearted man in the cause of psychical research and spiritualism.

There is no outstanding record of his personal researches of an acknowledged scientific nature into mediumship. Many accounts are to be found of sittings he took after his acceptance of evidence for survival. Those accounts generally found favor among the "converted" but were not favorably accepted by those psychical researchers whose object was to keep the investigation at a strictly scientific level. He certainly aroused widespread interest in the subject among critical inquirers and others to whom the appeal was mainly emotional.

His enthusiasm in supporting the extreme propagandist section of the movement encouraged exaggerated claims in regard to mediumship. This to some extent reduced the good effect of his mission. The great fillip he gave to spiritualism has conspicuously died down. Yet it is difficult to estimate the underlying current of thought value which may still persist from the "boom" which he created during and after the war of 1914-1918.

He rose to help the people in their need. He did help and thus succeeded in his object. And he met with immense gratitude. His was a simplified presentation of a very complex subject. He spok clearly and with strength of th essential truth to be deduce from an open-minded study of th whole range of psychic manifesta tions, namely, survival of per sonality and the subjective inter play between ourselves in matte and those released from the phy sical body.

The motives that inspired an guided Sir Arthur were admira ble. They were wholly good. I the words of Sir James Barrie "There can never have been more honorable man than Cona Doyle."

After Death . . .

IT was only natural that, sinc Conan Doyle was such a ardent champion of spiritualism he should have become one o the favorite of all famous de ceased persons to be called fort in séances. It is no exaggeratio to say that thousands of message have been reported, claiming t come from Conan Doyle's spiri

One of the most outstanding o these was undertaken by the wel known "ghost hunter," Har Price, through the mediumshi of Eileen Garrett. The séance i question took place in Octobe 1930, and it was reported simu

aneously in *Nash's* magazine in England and *Cosmopolitan* in the United States in January, 1931. n the seance with Harry Price, he supposed spirit of Conan Doyle spoke at length—for about n hour—and said, "I, myself, did ot recognize the difficulty there would be in getting through this vall or 'density' that stands beween us. I am *within* a solar ystem, but outside your sympahetic system—if I can geographially explain myself.

"I would like you to know my ocation—that I am in a nebulous belt lying outside the earth's surface and having life and being because it is of the same structure and matter as the earth itself. I am in no doubt as to my geographical position."

His other remarks reflected the known character of Sir Arthur. In commenting on the sitting, Price wrote: "Whether it is in reality the spirit of Doyle, or if it be that I am 'tuning in' to his ego or personality which, earthbound, is lingering here awhile, . . . I echo Doyle's hope that we shall meet again in the séance room and he will tell me more of the life he is living in that place 'whose portal we call death.'"

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While a young student, Mr. Sanders manifested "second sight" and a mysterious personality that stayed with him 25 years

ALABAMA'S "SLEEPING PREACHER"

Edmond P. Gibson

WHEN Mrs. Harlow of Elkton, Tennessee told the story to her neighbors in 1854 of her strange student boarder, Mr. Constance Sanders, she described the first appearance of his gift of second-sight, saying: "He remarked to me, 'There will be a burying here tomorrow evening.' (It was then in the afternoon.) 'But it will not be any of your family.' About an hour after this conversation, Mr. McNeely rode up and requested the privilege of burying a corpse in our private cemetery on the next day, which was granted. This death occurred some three miles distant, and we had not even heard and I am confident Mr. Sanders had not known of the sickness nor the death of the individual.

This was the first remembered incident of the unusual powers and the puzzling double personality of Mr. Sanders. It was impressive enough so that it remained in Mrs. Harlow's memory over a long period of time.

Mr. Sanders was then a young divinity student but he had only a superficial education. His formal education had consisted of a few months of elementary school

Intent on studying for the ministry, he had entered a Cumberland Presbyterian seminary at Elkton, Tennessee, just over the state line from Alabama. He was then twenty-three, intelligent, and the picture of health. He had a muscular body, well developed, of an athletic type. Mrs. Harlow explained that he had attended the seminary for about three months when he was first taken ill in her house. There was a diarrhea followed by dysentery which developed into typhoid fever. The fever was accompained by convulsions of an epileptic type which affected his arms, legs, chest, throat, and tongue. At first, these attacks were almost continuous and were accompanied by terrific headaches. He told Mrs. Harlow, "My head feels like it was opened."

Mrs. Harlow preceeded to look at his head. He took her hand in his and she felt that his head was terribly swollen from internal pressure. The skull sutures were opening. She found that the suture running from above the nose to the top of the head was so open that she could place her little finger in the cleft and feel the brain underneath. The transverse sagittal suture running from the top of the head to ear was also open on each side to a width of almost half an inch. The student immediately attracted the attention of the local doctor.

Secondary Personality

THIS attack, and the others that rapidly suceeded it, ended the education of C. B. Sanders, who was too incapacitated to continue his studies. However, he did not give up his purpose of entering the Presbyterian ministry in the Cumberland sect. His convalesence at Mrs. Harlow's home in Elkton brought several matters to the fore. When he returned to the normal state, he could not remember what had taken place during his spells or "sleeps."

When he was experiencing one of these attacks, the normal Sanders was unconscious. As long as the attack persisted he appeared to be a different person calling himself by the strange, cryptic name, the algebraic formula, "X+Y=Z." This "personality" was conscious of the normal life of Sanders as well as his own existence. The appearance of this spirit or personality inaugurated a new phase in Mr. Sanders life.

On his first appearance at the home of Mrs. Harlow, "X+Y=Z" seemed to have a much better education than Sanders. With a larger and better vocabulary than Sanders, a good command of English and a knowledge of grammar, the new personality could discuss matters of which Sanders in the normal state knew nothing. This new personality started a new phase in Mr. Sanders life, and also brought intermittent supernormal knowledge unavailable to Sanders No. 1.

At first, the secondary personality announced itself by a convulsion and a terrific headache. This went on for five years. After that there were no more convulsions but the headaches reappeared with the secondary personality.

Sanders was exhorting the congregation at a camp meeting in 1859, when he fell into one of his "sleeps." It lasted for several days and he was thought to be dying. At last he came out of it and declared, "I will never have a cramp again!"

This was the end of the epileptic convulsions; the secondary personality had announced their termination. However the pains recurred whenever the secondar personality appeared on th scene.

Sanders' first show of precogni tion was the announcement o the burial, mentioned previously His second precognition, fiv years later, concerned the pro gress of his own disease and th end of its early phase.

Mr. Sanders's education consist ed in picking through the Bibl and in what he had picked up a camp meetings, plus his short ex perience at the Elkton seminary There were no such limitation on the education of "X+Y=Z Sanders had lived at various time in various hamlets and for a tim had lived in the country near th Alabama-Tennessee line. He wa born on a farm sixteen miles nort of Huntsville, Alabama. He live there for twenty-three year barely learning to read and writ But he was an avid scholar Elkton and picked up a good de of information there before h became ill.

Sanders married in 1855 an he was ordained a minister of th Cumberland Presbyterian Churc in 1862. Between 1854 and 18 he lived in Athens, in Moore ville, and probably in Huntsvill In 1866 and '67 he was pastor

a church in Meridianville, Alabama, about ten miles north of Huntsville. Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, who made a careful investigation of his life and from whom most of this information has come, states that there is no evidence that Sanders ever visited at a distance greater than fifty miles from his birthplace or lived more than twenty-five miles away.

No Knowledge of French

HOWEVER we find him in 1862, a practicing minister with considerable knowledge of theology of the Presbyterian persuasion. In his "X+Y=Z" personality he successfully practiced dentistry and medicine.

The Reverend Mitchell noted an incident in which Mrs. Judge Marks endeavored to test Sanders' paranormal powers while he was at her home in Winchester, Tennessess. She stated that Sanders was at her home during the session of the Tennessee Presbytery and that: "He fell into a clairvoyant state (if that be the proper term to describe it.)

"It was said by someone present that he had the power to comprehend any foreign tongue while in that condition. I was requested to read a chapter from my French Bible in his hearing, for the purpose of testing his ability to comprehend it.

"I selected parts of several chapters from the New Testament, and while I read he manifested the clearest conception of every part by the most appropriate commentary upon the several texts.

"I was informed at the time by others, and subsequently by Brother Sanders, that he had no knowledge of the French language. It is proper to add that there was nothing in the pronunciation of the words in French which could suggest the sense to an English scholar."

Dr. Prince commented on this incident as follows "It takes a good deal of teaching by a good French scholar in order to understand spoken French, and it would have been as impossible for him to have received such training in one of the hamlets of Madison County, which were his homes, and the people in all of them to have been ignorant of it, as for him to have maintained two wives in the range of those little places and to have concealed the fact. Further than this opinion, the incident must

rest on the authority of the Chancellor's wife, who knew French."

Medical Diagnosis

DR. W. T. Thatch, a practicing physician in northern Alabama, had known Sanders for sixteen years. When questioned about the irregular medical administrations of Sanders, he replied:

"Though never having studied medicine, he seems while in the 'state' (of 'X+Y=Z'), to be very conversant with it; using technical names giving the properties, uses, etc. thereof. He always examines the sick who may happen to be about him, when in this state, without coming into contact with the patient, making in writing a diagnosis and prescription. And I could mention a great many who have been relieved by his directions. I have frequently had him give me the exact condition of patients whom he had nerver seen, and who were miles distant. His prescriptions frequently contain medicines which cannot be obtained in this country, which he makes arrangements to import; showing his comprehensive view of Materia Medica, in this preternatural way."

It would be most unlikely th Dr. Thatch would have approve of an uneducated practioner u less he was sure of the repeate success of Sander's ministration as there is no profession whi is and was so jealous of its pr rogatives and rewards as is t medical profession.

It would seem that the "X+ =Z" personality was also hype aesthetic, that is, he could see the dark. Major Woodruff tes fied that the personality cou read accurately from a new paper in the dark. Mr. W. White told Reverend Mitch that on one dark night he we hunting with Sanders near "t big spring branch" where the were known to be some wi ducks. When they got there t ducks flew up and Sanders fire while it was much to dark White to see the ducks at all. 75 yards, Sanders claimed th he shot and killed a duck and t proved to be true. Later Thatch tested Sanders while his "sleep," by placing his against a stump 40 yards aw in the dark. It was so dark th Dr. Thatch could neither see t stump nor the gun sights. Ho ever, Sanders fired, putting a h through the hat, near the cent

Gift of Clairvoyance

ON one occasion while he was in his secondary state, Sanders stated that they were having a lot of fun in a store which was more than 300 yards away, which he appeared to be observing through a window. Later it was proved that at the time of his remark, a negro was turning somersaults over a chair inside the store when the statement was made. This would seem to be rather far-fetched for hyperaesthesia. It was more likely extra-sensory perception or clairvoyance.

The secondary personality was also helpful in locating missing money, keys, and small articles lost by people in the area. On most such occasions the personality succeeded where continued search had failed. In this way on one occasion, a missing person, a mentally deranged woman living in the mountains, was found. Sanders was able to put the search party on her track and later he announced that she had been found, before the search party had returned. At other times the personality was very active in medicine, and at other times it prepared and sometimes delivered sermons more lofty in tone and much more authoritative than those of the normal Sanders. The personality seemed to be equally as Presbyterian and as orthodox as the primary Sanders. Further, like Sanders it believed that man appeared on the earth in 4,000 B.C.

"X+Y=Z" never explained just what he supposed himself to be. Sometimes he acted like a spiritualist medium's guide, sometimes like a split personality. Certainly in most things he was a separate entity from the normal Sanders, though sharing his mind. He denied that he was a returned spirit of the dead. Perhaps he thought himself to be an angel, of a sort.

Rev. G. W Mitchell and Dr. J. S. Blair were seated in the former's parlor in Athens, Alabama Nov. 1, 1866. Sanders was there in the "X+Y=Z" state. He suddenly expressed sorrow as to something he seemed to be witnessing at a considerable distance. He said: "Poor fellow, what a pity!" and later he said, "He is gone! gone!"

Then he was silent and Rev. Mitchell tried to draw him out. His reply was that "Lieutenant McClure has just died suddenly from an internal hemorrhage near Clarkesville, Tennessee."

Lieutenant McClure was a former resident of Clarksville who had a short time previously married a girl from Athens, Alabama. He was visiting his former home. Telegraphic news of his death was received the next morning. No one had supposed that he was in ill health. He had been reading aloud from a book, had a spasm of violent coughing, rose, bled excessively from the mouth, and was helped to a chair, where he immediately died. This happened at the same time that "X+Y=Z" had witnessed his death.

Fire in North Carolina

PERHAPS the most outstanding incident in the Sanders case occurred when he was convalescing with a broken thigh in February, 1866. He was living in Meridianville, Alabama. It would seem that Sanders was up and outside on crutches and he stopped to chat with Mrs. Mary A. Brown, who had been worrying because she had not heard from her people in Salisbury, North Carolina.

Sanders, then in the "X+Y=Z" personality told her: "You need not have any uneasiness about your folks at home. I went to see them last night. They a all as well as usual."

He then seemed to read fro a slip of paper in his hand: "Th had a burning in Salisbury la night. It commenced in a t shop and burnt to the corner the Wheeler Block."

Mrs. Brown's worries were i creased by this news. A relati of hers owned a tin shop in Sal bury. She asked whose tin sh had burned.

She afterwards said: "He plied by naming the block which it was located by which knew it was not Mr. Will Brown as it was on the other side of t street. Mrs. Dr. Searcy and M Bentley came in, a few minut after Mr. Sanders returned hon I stated to them what Mr. Sand had told me and requested the to remember the statement abo written.

"I told them I would write some of my friends in that co munity and would let them kn what information I got. Withe delay I wrote to my sister, wife of Major W. F. Hall, livi in the vicinity of Salisbury.

"While I was anxiously awa ing an answer, which was son what delayed, Mr. Sanders, in of his spells, told me that the

r I was so anxious to get was
its way and that it would give
e full satisfaction.
"In a short time after this I got
answer from my sister, Mrs.
all, fully confirming all Mr.
nders had told me about the
e in Salisbury—the time it oc-
rred, the tin shop in which it
oke out, and the extent of its
vages."

arting Advice

FOR many years Sanders had disliked the fact that when he d his "sleeps" he was uncon-ious and completely apart from hat was going on. He resented e fact, perhaps, that the sec-ndary personality knew what *he* as doing, while primary Sanders ever knew what "X + Y=Z" as doing, unless the latter chose tell him. This situation made nders different from other peo-e and he did not wish to be dif-rent. The idea continued to nkle. He did not like the name at the secondary personality ose to call him. He had been ferred to repeatedly by "X + =Z" as "My Casket."

On Feb. 2, 1876 "X + Y=Z" ddressed a letter to Sanders as llows: "To my Casket this mes-ge comes, greeting. Having so often of late witnessed your groaning with such earnestness to be freed from what seems to you a burden, not that you would be unclothed but clothed upon, these words I now write unto thee, in the Lord Jesus."

This letter went on to foretell the early departure of "X + Y =Z" to parts unknown. Later, just before his departure, "X + Y=Z" wrote as follows: "After twenty-two years of labor and suffering in and through the person of my Casket, and for many years of that time both a mystery and a reproach, I now come to the end of my first engagement; and will here leave off, in part, the work until my second and last coming, at which time I will reappear to finish up the great work for which I was intended.

"My Casket, I now come to address you, personally, before I depart. You have been to me a submissive servant, in suffering, in contempt, in wonder, in reproach, by night and by day, from year to year past. You can never fully see all you have passed in this life until you see the life to come, when you then stand ready to fall back to dust, whence you came; and I leave you forever. I have given you many valuable

lessons, and prevented you from many difficulties and sorrows. I have shown you many friends, and many foes; what their strength and how to treat them. Together we have dwelt in peace and safety; but at your request, I leave you for a time. Till I come your head will remain the seat of great pain; and at times to you almost unbearable. But be humble, and also patient. And amid the sympathy of friends, may God help you to be submissive.

"Your entire body, will be, of necessity, the dwelling place of a powerful electric force; but this will help you to keep up, and make you useful in many other ways to others.

"My books and papers I leave in your charge; but these you are, *on no account, to exhibit till I come. In this be faithful. Give earnest heed.*

"Examine the sick of body, and by reference to my books, give relief when you can. Examine the sick of soul, and by aid of the truth, give relief to them if possible. You will often and sadly miss me, when I am gone, but you cannot realize it now.

"My former 'charge' I leave with you; and would say; Fill up the meaure thereof that I may return to you the sooner.

"With Heaven's benediction will now bid you adieu.

"X+Y=

"5th day, 5th mo. A.D. 1876,
4 o'clock 8 min. A. M."

Final Recurrence

FROM this time on, "X + =Z" removed himself voluntarily from the scene, which is rather unusual behavior for a secondary personality, if he was secondary personality. Sanders continued to suffer at times with his head and chest pains, but "X + Y=Z" did not reappear up to the time that Rev. G. W. Mitchell published his book, "X + Y=Z, *or the Sleeping Preacher of North Alabama,* in Sept., 1876.

A recurrence of the "X+Y=Z" phenomena was reported by Frederic W. H. Myers in his *Human Personality* to have occurred on August 24, 1889. This was testfied to by Rev. G. W. Mitchell in correspondence with Dr. Richard Hodgson.

It would be interesting to know whether, any of the papers left by "X+Y=Z" are still in existence. In a limited inquiry, I have not been able to locate anything of the sort.

Villiam Butler Yeats' "Mythologies" presents new insight into great poet's crucial involvement with "the mystical life"

YEATS' POETIC SOURCES

A Book Review by Allan Angoff

MYTHOLOGIES: The Celtic Twilight; The Secret Rose; Stories of Red Hanrahan; Rosa Alchemica; The Tables of the Law; The Adoration of the Magi; Per Amica Silentia Lunae. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1959. 369 *pages.* $5.00.

IN the twenty years which have passed since the death of William Butler Yeats on the cold winter day, so movingly celebrated in the memorial poem by W. H. Auden, considerable attention has been focused on Yeats the mystic, Yeats the researcher in psychic and occult lore—the Yeats who forthrightly affirmed that "the mystical life" was the central point of the vast world he created in poetry, drama, and prose.

Even when he lived, Yeats was acknowledged as one of the towering figures of world literature, and his dominating position seems unchallengeable today. But now, just as in the early years of the century, the man's prepossession with magic, with theosophy and related systems and speculations, and with the

supernatural, particularly in the consciousness of Ireland and the Irish peasant and all Irish history—pagan and Christian—is still a source of wonder, consternation, and bewilderment to the students and critics who study him so assidulously.

A few scholars, such as Richard Ellmann, who collected the huge correspondence and has written about Yeats extensively in books and journals, have approached Yeats the mystic with sympathy and a measure of understanding. And long before Ellmann, Ernest Boyd in *The Irish Literary Renaissance,* published in 1922, discerned that the occult or the mystic, was an integral part of the Celtic temperament which Yeats sought to evoke, and did evoke, with such rare beauty.

However, many students are exasperated with the concern for the supernatural in Yeats, calling it a weakness, an aberration to be expected and excused in a man of genius. Richard Aldington, for example, once remarked in wonder and annoyance that Yeats, world figure that he was, who could have been the friend of such famous contemporaries as Sir Ernest Rutherford, the English physicist and Nobel Prize winner, and Sir William Ramsay, the Scottish chemist who discovered atmospheric gases, Sir Arthur Eddington, another great English physicist, or Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead, the mathematicians and philosophers, preferred the company and friendship of Madame Helena Blavatsky, the founder of Theosophy.

Aldington could have gone on to point out, as others have, that Yeats also preferred talking with Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers, the medium of London's Soho, and with Shri Purohit, the Indian Swami, and Yeats would also listen with great seriousness to stories by Irish peasants about spirits in their forests and lakes, and haunted valleys

Folklore at First-hand

THE publication of *Mythologies,* a volume comprising long out-of-print stories and essays which grew out of Yeats' early wanderings through the Irish countryside and his thoughts about and experiences with the supernatural as a young writer emphasizes anew that the early and vigorous and relatively unknown Yeats was as concerned with the supernatural and myst

cal as the fully mature and world-famous poet and dramatist continued to be. All readers of this volume, so rich in the lore of Irish history, as Yeats heard it from wise though unschooled peasants, will better understand why Yeats' concern with the paranormal is not a weakness or an aberration of genius, but an essential part of the man's work, just as it is essential to the work of William Blake and Samuel Coleridge.

Mythologies consists of the following works originally published between 1893 and 1917: *The Celtic Twilight, The Secret Rose, Stories of Red Hanrahan, Rosa Alchemica, The Tables of the Law, The Adoration of the Magi,* and *Per Amica Silentia Lunae. The Celtic Twilight,* the earliest and best known of these works, is a collection of forty stories and observations, with such titles as "A Visionary," "Village Ghosts," "The Sorcerers," "The Devil," "Enchanted Woods," "Earth, Fire, and Water," "The Three O'Byrnes and the Evil Fairies," "Concerning the Nearness Together of Heaven, Earth, and Purgatory," and "A Remonstrance With Scotsmen for Having Soured the Disposition of Their Ghosts and Fairies." The *Stories of Red Hanrahan,* Yeats acknowledges in a note, were rewritten after their first publication with the aid of Lady Gregory.

Yeats compiled the stories and essays in *The Celtic Twilight,* embellishing them here and there, after he had leisurely toured Galway and Sligo counties and had listened to the Irish peasants tell of their world of the supernatural, a world of spirits, fairies, and magical spells, which they accepted effortlessly as anything but supernatural or magical. This world of the Irish peasant had its roots deep in a very distant pre-Christian Ireland as well as in the relatively recent Christian Ireland, and out of it emerged the magical atmosphere in which the peasant lives, oblivious of the various elements that made it, in which he communes so naturally with what most of us regard as otherworldly spirits.

Of apparitions, Yeats writes in the tale called "Enchanted Wood": "I say as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about a nymph of the Ilissus, 'The common opinion is enough for me': and believe that all nature is full of invisible peo-

ple, and that some of these are ugly or grotesque, some wicked or foolish, many beautiful beyond any one we have ever seen, and that the beautiful are never far away when we are walking in pleasant and quite places.

"Something Looked For . . ."

"EVEN when I was a boy I could never walk in a wood without feeling that at any moment I might find before me somebody or something I had long looked for without knowing what I looked for. And now I will at times explore every little nook of some poor coppice with almost anxious footsteps, so deep a hold has this imagination upon me.

"You too meet with a like imagination, doubtless, somewhere, wherever your ruling stars will have it, Saturn driving you to the woods, or the Moon, it may be, to the edges of the sea. I will not of a certainty believe there is nothing in the sunset, where our forefathers imagined the dead following the shepherd the sun, or nothing but some vague presence as little moving as nothing.

"If beauty is not a gateway out of the net we were taken in at our birth, it will not long be beauty, and we will find it better to sit at home by the fire and fatten a lazy body or to run hither and thither in some foolish sport than to look at the finest show that light and shadow ever made among green leaves."

Ernest Boyd, who called *The Celtic Twilight* Yeats' first great prose work and speaks with understanding of the ancient fantasies and beliefs Yeats discovered, remarked that in Europe the peoples who are richest in these beliefs are the Slavonic, the Finnish, and the Scandinavains, as well as the Celtic. But the Celtic peoples, Boyd continued, have been far closer to the great currents of Western European literature, and "what could be more natural therefore than to turn to it again for the vivifying element contained within it."

That vivifying element may well be the great force that made the Irish renaissance the startling and refreshing phenomenon it has been in modern literary history. The men and women of that movement, a movement that released revolutionary forces which continue to enrich the literature of all nations, looked

deep into their history for the vitality they needed for a new Irish literature. They studied and respected the legends and fantasies and unscientific beliefs of the humblest people who believed with an assurance that put to shame more sophisticated people with their doubts and tensions.

"As Reflected in a Pool"

YEATS was one of the leaders of this Irish renaissance, and wrote, "Literature dwindles to a mere chronicle of circumstances, or passionless meditations unless it is constantly flooded with the passions and beliefs of ancient times." And, continuing in this vein, he writes in "Earth, Fire, and Water," in *The Celtic Twilight,* "I am certain that the water, the water of the seas and of the lakes and of mist and rain, has all but made the Irish after its image. Images form themselves in our minds perpetually as if they were reflected in some pool.

"We gave ourselves up in old times to mythology, and saw the gods everywhere. We talked to them face to face, and the stories of that communion are so many that I think they outnumber all the like stories of all the rest of Europe. Even today our country people speak with the dead, and some who perhaps have never died, as we understand death; and even our educated people pass without great difficulty into the condition of quiet that is the condition of vision. We can make our minds so like still water that beings gather about us that they may see, it may be, their own images, and so live for a moment with a clearer, perhaps even with a fiercer life because of our quiet."

In *The Secret Rose,* which Ernest Boyd called "the complete expression of Yeats' attitude toward the spirit world," and in the other stories and observations in this composite volume, Yeats reveals that after his wanderings in Ireland, he went on to study the learned writings of many of the great mystics of Europe and Asia who had delved profoundly into the mysteries of the occult world.

Apparently he also attempted to apply in his workaday life some of the methods which the great mystics and mediums had used. In the essay "Anima Mundi," from the book *Per Amica Silentia Lunae,* he writes, "If you suspend the critical faculty, I

have discovered, either as the result of training, or, if you have the gift, by passing into a slight trance, images pass rapidly before you.

"If you can suspend also desire, and let them form at their own will, your absorption becomes more complete and they are more clear in color, more precise in articulation, and you and they begin to move in the midst of what seems a powerful light . . . You have discovered how, if you can but suspend will and intellect, to bring up from the 'subconscious' anything you already possess a fragment of. . ."

Dreams Induced by a Flower

HE goes on to remark that his mind was always too restless, and consequently he could never achieve the utter quiet those with greater self-control enjoy, but, failing that, he learned how he could achieve dreams or visions during sleep by placing flowers or leaves on his pillow or beside his bed before falling asleep. The results must have been effective and pleasurable beyond all expectation because Yeats wrote long after he began this method, "Even today, after twenty years, the exaltations and the messages that came to me from bits of hawthorn or some other plant seem, of all moments of my life, the happiest and the wisest. . ."

However, these observations also exasperate many admirers of Yeats. To these persons it is unbelievable that this greatest of modern poets, this man who gave the world the overwhelming lyricism of "To the Rose Upon the Rood of Time," "Old Memory," "The Folly of Being Comforted," "The Wild Swans at Colle," "The Second Coming," and so many other poems, should have lost himself in what they regard as the morass of ancient myths, Celtic legends, psychic science, spiritualism, automatic writing, Theosophy, and many other phenomena that are anathema in the more respectable precincts of modern thought.

And yet, this too was Yeats. These attempts to penetrate the unknown were an essential part of the man. They sometimes made him an easy prey for charlatans, and they sometimes imbued him with an almost irrational hostility for scientists and science—at least the science of his day, which looked with disdain at efforts to explore the oc-

cult with orthodox scientific methods. But these delvings and these reactions were inevitable in a man with Yeats' great gift for giving all men a sense of otherworldly beauty.

In this volume, *Mythologies*, some of it as difficult and abstruse as some of Yeats' poetry, we get a rare insight into the mind and reveries of a very great artist. In these tales and essays Yeats spoke not only for himself, but in some degree for all poets, for all men who must sometimes escape "the despotism of fact" and enter the world of the irrational to create beauty.

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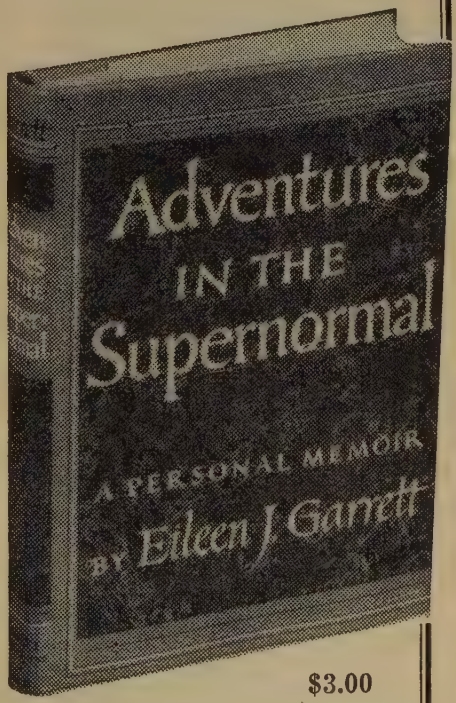

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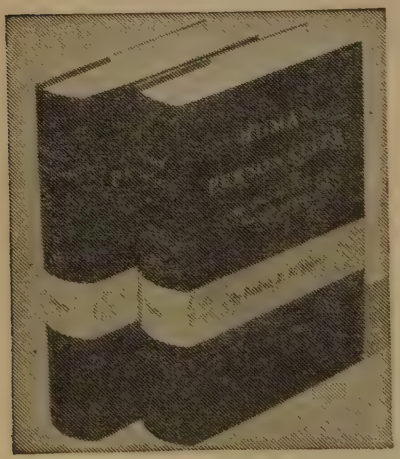

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MAGIC REALM OF HAITI

A Book Review by Eileen J. Garret

VOODOO IN HAITI. By Alfred Métraux. Translated by Hugo Charteris. New York: Oxford University Press. 400 *pp.* $6.50

DR. Alfred Métraux, a member of UNESCO's Social Science Department, presents in this volume the most up to date study of Voodoo (or, as others prefer to call it, Vodun) practices in the Caribbean island of Haiti. He was able to do so, because of his friendship with several members of the Haitian Bureau of Ethnology, a celebrated Haitian *mambo* (priestess), and careful on-the-scene observation; Dr. Métraux, who began his studies i 1941, was able to visit many sanc tuaries, observing rites and cere monies of local congregations.

The author summarizes th history of Voodoo practices, spe cifically with regard to the soci framework of this African rel gion transplanted to the Wes where it has undergone a numbe of changes, mostly allied to Catl olicism. He has witnessed th phenomon of "possession," whe the spirit appears to take ov during a ceremony that is fille with dance, music, and song, bu also with devotion. As part of group of respected anthropol

sts, the author was free to travel roughout the island, and to win e sympathy and confidence of fraternity usually reluctant to dmit foreigners to witness their cred rites.

Dr. Métraux writes illumiatingly on the role of the Haitin priestess, who often aids the ork of the *hungan* (Voodoo riest), and whose genius is that woman and her temperament. y the fineness of her intuition, e may become at once prohetess, priestess, and healer. Vith second sight and imaginaon, she has already the tools of er trade; her eyes scan the skies r signs, and the earth for the roducts of nature to help and eal. In all primitive religion, oman takes her place as prohetess, priestess and healer; no ss in Haiti, where the priestess elps the *hungan* to evoke, conre, and guide destiny.

This well-rounded work prodes data of history and religion, nguage and ritual objects, as ell as a fascinating study of the antheon of the Divinities classied according to the tribe or gion from which they originate. he author also deals with the ciâl framework of the clergy d their associates, usually modeled upon the cooperative work groups which are to be found everywhere within Haiti. Their economy is also studied and revealed, their ceremonies given material shape, the significance of their initiation is faithfully dealt with.

The reader may wonder whether Voodoo is an ethical religion. The author regards it as a religious system with a well-defined body of doctrine, the spirits being conceived in the image of men to act in conformity with the moral laws of the people. Ceremonies within the sanctuaries help to increase family solidarity, since such ceremonies require the cooperation and unity of all members, in the collective fulfillment of obligation to the ruling spirits.

The system also produces music and dancing of an ancient people whose children relax to its melodies under the stars. The poverty of the people can be forgotten momentarily under the creative spell of these artistic activities, shared by old and young alike. Here the worker in the fields with his whole family finds a creative sustenance for the morrow's sordid return to reality in a land crushed by poverty.

Voodoo, therefore, can be described as a religion which functions. Not only does it carry its own conviction, but its adepts continually enrich it with creative color to add to its mythology and liturgy. Dr. Métraux has given us not only an account of the Haitian religion, but he has also revealed something as familiar and close as were the gods ancient Greece to the worsh pers of that time—an African ligion that flourishes within framework of a Western-ty civilization. One puts down book, feeling that he has be among gods who speak his l guage and behave in a way t he can understand.

TELEPATHY IN FICTION

A Book Review by Daniel Lehman

MIND OUT OF TIME. By Angela Tonks. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1959. 266 *pages.* $3.95.

DESPITE the extraordinary possibilities for drama inherent in psychic manifestations, not many writers of fiction have made use of such material. Probably the main reason such events have been ignored is that knowledge of them and acquaintance with the contributing factors are not widespread. However, if an author lacks a good background in the literature of psychical research, he or she still has the rig to take a few of the most arresti phenomena — thought transf ence, hypnosis at a distan spells reminiscent of black mag and psychic healing—and wea a story around them. This, to appearances, is what Ang Tonks has done in her no *Mind Out of Time.*

The story begins (ignoring introductory flashback) in a w time prison camp. Two Brit officers, Kramer and Erikson, fellow prisoners of the ene (Although the captors are ob ously German, they are not

specified by Miss Tonk.) By accident, in a pre-arranged "mind-reading" stunt and later when Erikson is thrown into solitary confinement, the two men discover that they can exchange messages through telepathy.

The first message is not extraordinary, although probably difficult enough to achieve, if judged by scientific standards. Erikson calls out correctly the initials scratched inside the lid of a watch held in Kramer's hand. However, the second message, supposedly sent from Erikson in his solitary cell to Kramer on his bunk, is considerably more complicated.

Kramer receives what amounts to being a *vision*, re-creating a *sight* seen by Erikson on the night of the program. Erikson, while the mind-reading act was going on, noticed a prison guard lean down to adjust a boot buckle. With his hand close to the floor, the guard felt a draft and suspected the existence of a tunnel hidden under the floor. The (enemy) Commandant of the camp observed this and also observed that Erikson was the only prisoner to note the act of discovery. Therefore, he had Erikson suddenly seized and put into solitary confinement in order to prevent him giving the alarm to those prisoners who were planning to escape via the tunnel.

Complicated Clairvoyance

THUS, we have Kramer receiving by thought transference the mental picture of a guard leaning down and feeling a draft of air. This, in itself would be an extremely unlikely occurrence. Most spontaneous flashes from mind to mind seem to be concerned with emotion-laden events—such as an accident, a significant message, or a death—usually happening at the same moment the event occurs. Present evidence seems to suggest that in order to transmit such a clairvoyant "picture" a great amount of concentration or emotional energy would be necessary.

Then, to suggest over and above this that Kramer would also be able to reason out: (a) what the guard understood by his discovery, (b) what the Camp Commandant saw, (c) that the Camp Commandant understood what the guard thought (another case of telepathy, apparently), and (d) what the Commandant thought about this conclusion and the reason he had Erikson arrested, is more than fantastic.

After the end of the war, Erikson and Kramer meet again. Kramer gets Erikson a position in the company by which he is employed. One of the specific tasks of the two men is to negotiate a contract for oil drilling equipment with the sultan of a Middle East country, called Azari. Before this trip however, they attempt to use their psychic powers to help a girl, Claudia. She is an artist with quite a few problems, both artistic and psychological. Unfortunately, their ill-defined efforts come to very little.

In Azari, their psychic experiments fall more into line with phenomena that are known and practiced by members of the society. Thus, Erikson quickly gains a reputation for having an "evil eye"—or at least, being an adept psychic. Why this is so, is not made too clear.

Kramer has dark skin and hair, and is the more active of the two. Erikson has light color and has, in general, a passive, mildly complaining personality. It is Kramer who is full of schemes and strategies. In some strange way, with little rational motivation, he gets involved with some Arab insurrectionists. In the negotiations with the sultan, the potentate's English-speaking son, Fuad, an aide who also serves as balancing influence between th Englishmen and his countryme

Trance of Death

THE climactic crisis in th book takes place when Eri son, disapproving and fearful the two-faced activities of Kr mer and rebelling at Kramer efforts to bend him to his wi puts him into a death-like tran through mental power just aft Kramer has suffered an attack fever. Kramer is taken for dea and plans are made for his buria At the last moment, Erikson re lents, bringing him back to con sciousness. At the same time a attack by the insurrectionists launched. The two men immed ately flee to the desert, where th conclusion of the story take place.

The story line and the charac ter development, as well as th descriptions of the parapsychol gical events, are marred by th weak writing style of the autho She carefully describes and re produces conversations in com paratively unimportant scene and then, when an event vitall important to the plot occurs, may be told in one sentence i

e midst of an innocuous-look-
g paragraph.
Thus, when Erikson is deciding
put Kramer into the trance—
h act that does not seem consis-
nt with Erikson's previous char-
cter—Miss Tonks shrinks from
utting this decision into a direct
atement. Reproducing Erikson's
oughts, she writes: "Kramer
ill die. Kramer will be the fig-
re in the shroud . . . A trance.
trance like the one I had in the
rison camp . . ."
From this the reader is sup-
osed to figure out that Erikson
preparing to go through the
emendous act of will and evo-
ation of evil such as an African
itch doctor might do to "sing a
an to death." Such acts are simply not attempted by people unless they are consumed by fearfull motives of hatred and revenge, combined with a total disregard for moral law. If such awesome acts are possible (and reports from primitive societies would lead us to think that they may be), Miss Tonks has not presented a background necessary to make it believable here.

All in all, it is an interesting book, exasperating in some ways, but not difficult to read. If it is not looked upon as an authoritative re-creation of the manner in which psychic experiences usually take place, it may give enjoyment as an adventure story with deeper meanings than are usually encountered in books of this type.

TRUE MYSTERIES

A Book Review by Sherman Yellen

TRANGE MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE. By Harold T. Wilkens. New York: Citadel Press. 1959. 319 *pp.* $3.95.

TRUE mystery stories, like fine woolens, have been a standard British export product ever nce an eighteenth century writer, Daniel Defoe, discovered that the great new reading public would pay well to be frightened or astonished. Two hundred years have not jaded the pubic taste for mystery, though the product itself has been refined and modernized to suit the taste of each generation. Today, the best mysteries are often clothed in the dress

of Freudian psychology or interplanetary speculation. But despite the change in dress, it is still the same corpse that commands our attention, adhering to Webster's definition of mystery as a profound secret or enigma, something that cannot be explained, something beyond human comprehension.

In this latest collection of true mystery stories, Harold T. Wilkens, who for fifty years has collected material about the inexplicable, runs the full gamut of mystery tales. He presents his readers with an anthology devoted to such famous legal mysteries as the Tichborne Claimant, the forefather of all disputed inheritance cases; mysteries of a bizarre or macabre nature, concerning immured nuns and disappearing writers; mysteries of unsolved crimes, ranging from murder to mutiny to archaeological fraud. He includes the old, the new, the famous, and the little known.

For those who prefer their mystery to have some psychic flavoring, Wilkens offers some remarkable incidents. In his report on the strange death of Lord Kitchener, Britain's great military hero, we are offered an excellent example of a precognitive dream.

Warning Disregarded

IN World War I, as Kitchener was preparing to sail to Russia, to bolster the flagging support offered the Allies by the Czarist government, Queen Alexandria of England rushed to Buckingham Palace. She had been advised of Kitchener's secret mission, and went to King George with a warning:

"I have had a sudden premonition that disaster awaits Lord Kitchener and his mission to Russia, just as when I was in Venice in 1910, I had the conviction that King Edward VII, my late husband, was very ill; despite the fact that the previous letter I had from England was that he was in quite good health . . . I beg that Lord Kitchener's journey may be postponed."

But like the majority of Cassandras, with dire predictions, was the fate of the Queen to be ignored. Kitchener embarked on a boat that was to become his death ship, destroyed in an explosion which to this day remains a mystery.

In his section on "Mysteries of Space-Time," Wilkins turns his full attention to the psychic event, presenting unique theories about the mystery of disappearing me

ıd women, drawn from his read-
g of such remarkable scientists
F. W. H. Myers, pioneer psy-
ıic researcher, and Bertrand
ussell, the philosopher.

Attempting to explain the un-
ccountable disappearance of cer-
ain human beings, he comments:
There is, so to speak, 'a hole in
ıe wall,' or to vary the metaphor,
ıe occurance of a vortex in mat-
er-energy through which certain
eople of all social classes and
anks, animals and objects, in-
oluntarily and unexpectedly may
ass, and from which there may
r may not be a return to the
orld from which they were 'tele-
orted.' If they do return, it will
sually be found that the experi-
nce of this weird phenomenon
accompanied by amnesia, en-
re forgetfulness of what hap-
ened just before, during, and
fter the phenomenon. This weird
henomenon is not just an ab-
ract affair, but is, has, and will
e connected with the mysterious
isappearances of people in all
ases where no normally physical
criminological explanation can
e found."

Wilkens reports the case of
avid Lang, a Tennessee farmer
ho disappeared while walking
ong his pasture, in full view of
a sober witness. A year later, on the very spot where Lang vanished from sight, all the farm animals, from cattle to crickets refused to touch the land. It was examined by a surveyor and a geologist who found it normal. Lang's children, and later his wife, reported that they heard faint cries for help emanating from that spot.

Strange Children

STILL more intriguing is Wilkens' report on the disappearance of Owen Parfitt, a total cripple, who vanished from his wheel chair and was never seen again. Wilkens rounds out his report with some old but still tasty accounts from the Middle Ages, when strange children, assumed to be the Devil's familiars, appeared and disappeared to the consternation of the superstitious populace. (Here, and elsewhere in the book, Wilkens interchanges such terms as *poltergeist* with *familiar,* confusing psychic phenomena with the ancient history of witchcraft. Nevertheless, it makes for provocative reading.)

Of interest to the science-minded will be Mr. Wilkens' version of the Piltdown Man hoax, which suggests that despite the evidence

of a manufactured relic of man's earliest ancestor, some puzzling bits of true archaeological wonder remain.

The author offers something of interest for all tastes; however, this book cannot be recommended without some strong reservations. First, there is Mr. Wilkens' style, which ranges from the sensationalistic gasps of a Fleet Street "extra," to the stodgy, Mid-Victorian elaborations of an after-dinner speaker in a most respectable men's club for veterans of the Boer War. Then, too, Mr. Wilkens' story-telling is only as good as his material: where the material is weak and badly documented, he attempts to inflate its significance with airy speculations and irrelevant detail.

So many red herrings are thrown into the stew that our taste for many of his stories islife, does not? ruined before we come to th author's own dramatic revelatio No amount of adjective-throwin and italicizing can compensa for his frequent failure to prese mystery in its proper form: th precise organization of detail the masterly use of understat ment which alone produces chill on the reader's spine.

Mr. Wilkens' digressions int personal comment on such ma ters as the British judicial syste (in the Tichborne affair) or th nature of the Mexican people (i the Ambrose Bierce disappea ance) suggests that he often ha less confidence in the facts of h mysteries, than in his own inte pretation of them.

Nevertheless, this book wi amuse and entertain anyone wh loves a mystery. And who, wit a normal taste for the delights o

Amazing extra-sensory, clairvoyant, and "miraculous" events pose theoretical problems that have challenged great thinkers

THE WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

Florence S. Edsall

PERSONS *unacquainted with the field of psychical research are often under the impression that very little is known and not much work has been done in this area of study. Although there are large areas in the world of psychic phenomena that remain unexplained, there is, in reality a great amount of literature in this field.*

For a basis of astute, critical reporting, the inquirer into this field will always turn first to four publications: the Proceedings *and the* Journal of the Society for Psychical Research (*London*)*—published regularly since* 1882*—and the* Proceedings *and the* Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*—published since* 1907 (*with some issues of* Proceedings *going back to* 1885). *These volumes will also be supplemented by the* Journal of Parapsychology, *a relative newcomer, since it began publication in* 1937.

Of course, the works of outstanding researchers of the past and present would be consulted: Frederic W. H. Myers' The Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death (*London,* 1903; *New York,* 1954); *Charles Richet's* Thirty Years of Psychical Research (*New York,* 1923); *S. G. Soal and Frederick Bateman's* Modern Experiments

in Telepathy (*New Haven,* 1954), *and various books by J. B. Rhine including* Extra-sensory Perception After Sixty Years (*New York* 1940) *and* Parapsychology: Frontier Science of the Mind (*Springfield Ill.,* 1957). *Such a list could be extended for many pages.*

However, until recently, there have been very few books that could be recommended whole-heartedly to the person coming to this field of interest for the first time. Florence Edsall, a writer with special interests in psychology, recognized this lack when she approached this subject a number of years ago. She decided to do something about it, and The World of Psychic Phenomena *was the result of that decision. Among other favorable reviews, the* Winston-Salem Journal Sentinel *called the book a "well-written . . . beginner's handbook on one of the most fascinating and controversial subjects ever debated.*

The book contains eleven chapters, covering the varied aspects of paranormal phenomena. In this condensation for Tomorrow, *portions of the chapters, "Our Puzzling Minds," "Visions and Voices," and "Men Thinking," have been selected, to give a sample of this introduction to the store of riches that await explorers in this field.*

EVERY age has its superstitions and we have no reason Like art, literature, and religion, Like art, literature, and religion, the superstitions of different times differ. They, too, reflect the patterns of thought, the attitudes towards life, and the values of the times that foster them.

Ours is a scientific age, a practical age. And our superstitions, believed by us, of course, to be bona fide assumptions, are "the superstitions of common sense." We are convinced that man's intellect can reduce all of nature to a neat and logical pattern of understandable cause and effect

But can it? Certain philosophers and certain pure scientists far out in the abstract areas of research, dare suggest, as did G. N. M. Tyrrell in *The Nature of Human Personality* (London 1954), that there may be a "point at which reality passes beyond the grasp of the intellect."

Psychic phenomena (*psi*) and extra-sensory perception (E.S.P.) seem to lie beyond that point. The intellect is stumped by them and, in all likelihood, has nothing to do with them. They represent a reality which the conscious

mind, conditioned by common-sense experience, may be unable to grasp.

Awareness of this strange world and participation in it are believed to occur at subconscious levels of the human mind. Of course, our minds are not divided into *conscious* (top) and unconscious or *subconscious* (bottom) parts by some arbitary, invisible line. Interplay between the two is constant. Nonetheless, this rough division is generally accepted.

The conscious mind is occupied and preoccupied with past, immediate, and anticipated experiences and challenges of the external world, the nature of which come to it primarily through the five senses. Consciousness is concerned with understanding and enjoying the world that all of us know, or think we know; more basically, with survival in it. This part of the mind is that which most of us think of as our minds.

But beneath this consciousness lies a mind area of which most of us, most of the time, are completely unaware. Stored in it are memories of everything we have observed or experienced since birth; some say, of prenatal sensations as well. Also here are remembered observations of myriads of details the conscious mind, intent on special purposes of its own, failed to notice in the first place. And among this living medley of memories—often influencing a re-forming into changing configurations—are inherited urges and awarenesses. It is this part of the mind, it is believed, that is involved in psychic experiences; and it is here, more likely than not, that extra-sensory perception takes place.

E.S.P. quite possibly is present in the subconscious of all of us, but for only *a few* do conditions occasionally exist that result in a psychic experience or perception so vivid that consciousness is startled to attention.

Often these odd incidents occur in states of unconsciousness or semi-consciousneess, the most common of which is sleep. Sometimes they take place in a dream, so much more insistent and coherent than most dreams that the sleeper awakes, and the seeming dream continues as a seeming reality. Sometimes they happen just as sleep is coming on, when consciousness is letting slip its controls; or just before awakening, before the conscious mind has quite taken over again.

Amazing Mind-states

SLEEP is certainly the most familiar state of unconsciousness. There is nothing paranormal about it, but actually there are few mysteries more amazing. In sleep, our minds lose us (for to ourselves we can be only our consciousness of ourselves). Tom dozes off, and straightway Tom's mind loses Tom.

At some level below the threshold of consciousness various groups of ideas, desires, fears, and memories continue to thrash about—weaving new and often absurd relationships, concocting those fantastic, hallucinatory adventures that constitute Tom's dreams. Of these, for the most part, Tom is aware only in the most shadowy way.

There is another state of unconsciousness, artificially brought about, that is somewhat like sleep, although more like sleepwalking—the *hypnotic trance*. So much so that, in the early days of hypnotism, the hypnotized person was called a *somnambulist* (sleepwalker).

When Tom is hypnotized, Tom's mind also loses Tom. But in this state his subconscious does not, as in sleep, go improvising "on its own," but looks to the hypnotist for direction. As Tom's mind loses him, it finds a substitute director, the hypnotist, on the job.

Tom's subconscious (with its wealth of memories, its awarenesses, its susceptibility to hallucination, its infinite possibilities of association, its suggestibility) submits even more docilely to the new authority than to Tom's. To all appearances Tom has become a puppet and the hypnotist pulls the strings. Hypnotism is of interest to us here, because, under hypnotic trance, many people have given what seems to be extraordinary evidence of extra-sensory perception.

Paranormal faculties under hypnosis were observed from the earliest days of its use. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Dr. Friedrich Anton Mesmer, the Viennese doctor who practiced in Paris, caused much stir with his "animal magnetism," later named *mesmerism*. The mesmerists claimed not only many cases of healing through its use, but definite evidence of clairvoyance in some of their patients. The committee of the French Academy of Medicine that finally investigated these claims in 1831 confirmed many of them, includ

ng paranormal faculties they had witnessed. The report of this small body of skeptical scientists was so sensational it was suppressed.

As a matter of fact, there are on record innumerable, well-verified examples of the paranormal faculties of people in hypnotic trance. Some are playful, though convincing, like the following:

A young French student, specializing in physiology, as part of his training assisted one of his professors in the care of ward patients at the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital. He was interested in hypnosis at the time, and occasionally mesmerized Mariette, a young girl in the ward under his care.

One day an American student visited the Hôtel-Dieu with him. This young man had never been there before; he was, of course, unknown to the young patient Mariette. When the French student had hypnotized Mariette, possibly showing off to his American friend, he became suddenly eager to see if there was anything in tales he had heard about uncanny knowledges sometimes displayed by people in this state.

"Do you know my friend's name, Mariette?" he asked impulsively. She replied, laughing, "How can I know his name?"

Then he said coaxingly, "Since you cannot speak his name, try to read it. What is the first letter? Look!" Nothing, of course, was held up. She was asked to look at the picture in her mind.

In half a minute, her eyes still tightly closed, she said, "There are five letters. The first is H; the second, E. I cannot see the third." She seemed troubled, and he encouraged her to try the fourth. "The fourth," she said, "is R; and the fifth, N." The young American's name was H E A R N.

Traveling Clairvoyance

CERTAIN experimenters with hypnosis have tried to see how successful they could be with what has come to be called *traveling clairvoyance.* The hypnotized subject is told to go, in his mind, to such and such a place: Venice, Rome, an oriental bazaar in Bagdad, Trafalgar Square in London, or wherever. Even more often it is suggested he visit the home of a friend of the hypnotist, where the subject himself has never been. From a practical standpoint such a proposed destination is more advisable, for it is then possible actu-

ally to check with the friend later —as to furnishings, the people present at the time of the experiment, what they were doing, and so on.

Mrs. Sidgwick, the well-known English psychical researcher, has recorded an interesting experiment involving a practical joke that misfired. Mr. Eglington, the "friend" in this case, had been told in advance by Dr. F., the hypnotist, that he was going to ask his hypnotized subject that day what Eglington would be doing that evening. Mr. Eglington, it would appear, went to considerable trouble to confuse results; however, as we shall see, without marked success.

Dr. F. hypnotized Jane, the wife of a Durham miner, and asked her to tell what Mr. Eglington would be doing that night from eight to ten o'clock. Jane said, "I see a very stout man with a wooden leg. He has no brain. He is sitting in front of a table on which there is brandy, though he is not drinking."

This was a very curious report. Mr. Eglington was not only not "stout," but painfully thin. Whatever Dr. F. may have thought of Eglington's brain, he probably would not have gone so far as to say his friend had none at all and he certainly had no "wooden leg." The results of the experiment seemed completely negative.

But what had really happened was this: Mr. Eglington had rigged up a decidedly fat, well stuffed dummy and sat it realistically in front of a table on which he placed a bottle of brandy—everything exactly as Jane had described, except for the confused identity of the brainless non-drinker.

There are plenty of other cases of clairvoyant traveling under hypnosis, but to recount many of the authenticated ones would grow monotonous. They take the form of detailed descriptions of rooms, later verified, with identified occupants, who proved really to have been doing what the hypnotized subject, who had never been in that room in fact, reported: reading, sewing, chatting with members of their families or with visitors.

There are also many cases of practically every form of extrasensory perception displayed by hypnotized persons: telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, et cetera. In fact, during the last part of the nineteenth century

and the first decade of this, professional *somnambulists* were frequently consulted when something was lost or stolen, or when someone had disappeared, or for other personal reasons. On record, too, are subsequently proved true pronouncements of these individuals, leading to the finding of lost things and people and the tracking down of offenders.

Invading "Spirit"?

WHAT appears to be "possession" at times takes place in a hypnotized subject. Tom, in hypnotic trance, has been thrown into different "states," each with an isolated group of memories, dynamic ideas, and attitudes. These *states,* each only a *piece* of the original Tom's mind, behave as different personalities. None is like Tom, or like any of the other states.

Edmund Gurney, British psychical researcher, claimed to have developed three distinct states in one subject; Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and Miss Alice Johnson (S.P.R. researchers) as many as eight. None of these *states,* however, carried over into waking life.

Possession is an amazing concept, and belief that it can and does occur still exists. Certain cases, even now, still seem inexplicable except by this fantastic assumption: that the spirit of someone else, usually of someone who has died, can actually take over the body and mind of a living human being and operate through it. However, many cases, that would have been accounted for this way years ago, are now known to be incidents of *multiple personality.*

Over the last fifty to one hundred years much has been learned about the mind and personality, especially the subconscious. Strange things are known occasionally to happen when strong aspects of a personality are suppressed and forced under cover in the subconscious. Sometimes a severe illness, accident, or shock staggers a personality and splits it in such a way that an entirely new and different person —formed about a constellation of suppressed ideas, memories, and urges—apparently comes into being. Such an occurrence has all the appearance of a *possession,* the taking over of a mind and body by an invading "spirit."

The story of Laura Edmunds seems to have been a case of possession, as it is impossible to ac-

count for it by the assumption that a secondary personality was responsible. Laura Edmunds was the daughter of Judge Edmunds of the New York Surpreme Court. Educated in what was then called a "finishing school," Laura spoke no language but English and a dubious smattering of schoolgirl French. This incident occurred in the Edmunds' home on a Sunday afternoon, when the family followed their usual custom of serving tea to the Judge's guests and any family friends who chanced to drop in.

On this particular Sunday there was a Mr. Evangedides among the guests, a Greek who presented a letter of introduction to the Judge. He had never been in the house before. Shortly after being introduced to this stranger, Laura, who seemed distraught, to everybody's amazement touched his arm to get his attention and spoke to him earnestly *in modern Greek.*

Mr. Evangedides' hand went limp with shock. His teacup dropped with a tiny crash, splattering with tea the full skirts of some of the guests. He then burst into tears.

Judge Edmunds reached his unhappy guest, and putting his arm about him, kindly led him aside. "She says my son is dead," the Greek repeated over and over. "How can that be! Yet she spoke in the voice of Botzaris, my dear friend who is dead. Please forgive me, sir. I must go."

Soon after, as is understandable, the party broke up. The other guests murmured their good-bys and left, too. Laura was bewildered. She had no recollection at all of the brief incident, or of the part she had played in it. The following day Mr. Evangedides got in touch with Judge Edmunds to let him know the shocking news had been confirmed, and that he was about to sail for home.

Laura was in trance, or semi-trance, when this incident occurred. Again some faculty or condition of the subconscious was involved in this incredible episode.

Mystics and Mysticism

WE are also interested in the saints because many of them were mystics, and mysticism seems to foster psychic experiences of an amazing sort and of every known variety. The saint's objective is not to provoke these phenomena, but prolonged fast

ng, hours of meditation, intent ocusing of life through continual nd ardent prayer upon God eem to bring about a state con- ucive to psychic phenomena. When these occur in the form of isions, voices, healings, stigmata, nd reputed miracles of one sort r another, they are usually re- arded as signs of God's love.

Many of us are none too sure what a *mystic* is, or what is meant y *mysticism*. Definitions are dif- cult here, because a mystic is a are person, with a goal com- letely foreign to most human eings. The striving toward this oal involves experiences for the ost part unknown, except to ther mystics, and thus almost im- ossible to communicate. To ake the definition broad enough o include all mystics (for certain agan philosophies and other re- igions besides Christianity have roduced great mystics), a *mys- ic* is one who comes to feel he as *direct* contact with God, or *irect insight* into truth or the ature of Reality. *Mysticism* is he name given to the experience f this insight through an exalta- ion of the mind or soul.

It has been pointed out that erhaps the foundation of all re- igions rests on the assumption of the unity of all consciousness with the *real*, a belief that the present fragment of self each of us knowns as *himself* is one with the great whole, call it life or God or universal consciousness, or whatever. The mystic, in his yearning consciously to participate in and experience this *whole*, gives himself over to contemplation and prayer. At times he reaches a state of ectasy (intense joy or rapture) during which he feels himself lost in the whole.

St. Dionysius, an Athenian Christian of the first century, believed to have been a convert of St. Paul and possibly the first bishop of Athens, said of the mystic (1) that he *must concentrate* on the wholly intent practice of *mystical concentration;* (2) that he *must abandon* things merely intellectual and all perceptions conveyed by the senses, for only thus can human understanding *be put to sleep;* and (3) that he must with mighty effort, travail, and toil strain upward to union with Him Who is above all understanding and beyond all knowledge. "So the mystic will attain to that divine Darkness, which is radiant Light."

It is apparent here that the methods of the mystic in his

reaching out toward God are designed to bring about what psychologists call *dissociation,* or a split in personality. Certain parts of the personality are to be abandoned ("the intellect" and "perceptions conveyed by the senses"), to "be put to sleep," while a constellation of ideas clustered about the concept of the deity are to be left to live an independent life, developing on their own. These alone are to make the mighty effort, to stretch out and extend their reach, through the powerful emotion of love, toward that which is beyond human understanding. From what is known of the human mind, it is in just such a state as this (one of dissociation) that psychic phenomena are apt to take place.

Miracles of the Saints

PSYCHIC phenomena among the religious has taken every conceivable form: *visions* or apparitions; *voices, music,* and radiant *light*—all with no visible source; *bilocation* (a person's seemingly being in two places at once); *stigmatization* (the appearance on the body of wounds or marks due to no physical cause); apparently *miraculous* incidents of *healing; levitation; telekinesis* (the movement of objects, seemingly of their own free will); and *miracles* of extraordinary variety. Most of these to be related here were backed by what we have every reason to believe reliable testimony. Whether the observers, as well as the participants, were hallucinated, one has no means of knowing. Whether, in other cases, legend contributed some of the marvelous and charming tales that cluster about certain of these heroic figures, the reader will have to judge for himself.

First of all, the phenomenon of *stigmatization,* the appearance on the body of the ecstatic worshiper of the *stigmata,* the five sacred wounds of Christ (those of the hands and feet and the pierced side; and often, in addition, the wounds on the head and forehead caused by the crown of thorns). Since the time of St. Francis of Assisi, who died October 4, 1226, some one hundred and fifty cases or so of stigmatization have been observed. As far as is known, St. Francis was the first so afflicted. (The saint would have said "so blessed.")

Innumerable saints have had *visions* of Christ and of the Virgi

Mary. Often, though by no means always, these visions have appeared to them at Holy Communion. St. Angela of Foligno saw in the consecrated Host, Christ as a child of twelve. St. Veronica of Milan also saw the Holy Child at such a time. Sometimes it is the figure of a saint long dead that appears to a lay-member of his own religious order.

Another mystic, although not a Roman Catholic saint, was George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends. He stated in his journal: "When my troubles and torments were great, when all my hopes in all men were gone so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could I tell what to do, then, O then, I *heard a voice* which said, 'There is One, even Jesus Christ, that can speak to thy condition.' When I heard it, my heart did leap with joy."

In most cases these voices are believed to speak aloud thoughts, accusations, or conclusions the listener has already formulated in his own mind.

Bilocation is a most peculiar phenomenon. We are told that St. Anthony of Padua, preaching in the Church of St. Pierre du Queyroix at Limoges on Holy Thursday, 1226, suddenly remembered that at the very same time he was expected to conduct a service in a monastery on the other side of town. He drew his hood over his head and knelt down for some minutes, while the congregation waited reverently.

At that very moment he was also seen by the monks assembled in the monastery chapel across town to step forth from his stall there, read the appointed passage in the office, and then disappear. Many of the rest of us who find ourselves helplessly entangled in two appointments in separate spots at the same time would find this unusual gift of great help.

Levitation is peculiar, too, and sometimes much less convenient. Many saints—St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Dominic, St. Philip Denite, St. Albert of Sicily, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Theresa among them—experienced this odd phenomenon. When kneeling in prayer, saints thus possessed were seen to rise from the earth anywhere from eighteen inches to many times that, usually the body stiffened in the kneeling position.

In the seventeenth century St. Joseph of Cupertino was many times reported by eyewitnesses raised to the ceiling. Because of disastrous by-products of the unexpected onsets of St. Joseph's elevations, his brothers in the monastery could not allow him to take his turn at serving at the common table. Often the sight of a holy statue was enough to loose him from the earth and set him floating. It is said that at times two saints—the small stone image and the saint of flesh and blood—could be seen circling together in the air.

Incidents of *miraculous healing*, apparently because of the nearness of a holy person, shrine, or relic, are too numerous to list. The blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak. It is thought by some that when these miracles do actually occur, the simple and complete faith of the stricken person really performs the miracle. They point out that most cases healed in this way were possibly psychosomatic, that the unquestioning faith of the sufferer in his actually being restored of itself broke through the psychic barriers that caused the disability. Obviously this assertion cannot be proved.

Saintly abstinences from food for miraculous lengths of time are also on record: St. Catherine of Siena, for eight years; Catherine of Racconigi, for ten years and the Venerable Domenica da Paradiso, for twenty years. Theresa Neumann is said to have lived only on the Eucharist since September 30, 1927.

The Wonder of Life

THE visions and voices of mystics, ghosts and apparitions hunches that prove to be true poltergeist capers, prophecies, the sudden awareness of tragic happenings in distant space and time —are all bizarre. They are all discordant elements in a sober logically ordered, and predictable world. Extra-sensory perception and psychokinetic doings (P.K. fail to make any sense whatsoever in a sensible universe, where effect follows cause as surely as 2 follows 1.

Obviously something is wrong here, but what? Primitive man never assumed the world of the senses to be the entire universe. And today, scientists, as well as philosophers, have about completed a swing right back to the start. With far greater sophistication than the savage, they ask

Vhy should it be that only un-
ual phenomena (such as *psi* ac-
ity, for example) astonish us?
re not the so-called everyday
mmonplaces of experience just
amazing?"

In every age man has at-
mpted to understand life and
e universe, to penetrate its se-
ets, to work out some satis-
ctory explanation that would
ve to his own personal life
eaning and purpose. Most of
e philosophies he has come up
ith in different parts of the
orld and in different periods,
ave leaned heavily on *dualism.*
his is a term applied to any
eory that regards the nature of
e universe as *twofold.*

The most common approach
as the division into mind (or
pirit) and matter; into the world
the spirit and the material
orld of objects. The material
orld could be explored, tabu-
ted, studied, and understood, it
as assumed. But the world of
ie mind (or of the spirit) was
ysterious, and ultimately be-
ond man's comprehension. To
is world, of course, psychic
henomena would be assigned.
Dualism was defined by Plato.
he Apostle Paul adopted it, and
ose of us brought up in the Christian tradition recognize it as one of the main beams of the Christian church. This means, of course, that body and mind (or spirit) are considered separate entities; the spirit, of God, so to speak; the flesh, allied with the devil.

Mind and Materialism

TODAY the tendency of both science and philosophy is toward *monism* (one-ness). The seventeenth-century philosopher Spinoza, a skilled lens grinder by way of earning his living, regarded mind and body as two aspects of the same thing, just as a lens may appear concave form one side and convex from the other. Today most psychologists and psychiatrists accept the idea that the body and mind are one; that is, *body. Mind,* when the word is used at all by them, is considered a function of the brain, not able to exist or manifest itself without it.

Dr. Rhine points out that telepathy is now definitely accepted, and that "if thought can be transferred directly from one mind to another without the use of the senses, man must possess mental powers transcending *brain mechanics.*" Others, willing to con-

cede E.S.P. established beyond doubt, though not as yet explained, fail to follow Dr. Rhine this far. They are unwilling to concede that psi experiments have demonstrated any kind of dualism of mind and matter. They remain allied with present-day psychology, which is mainly materialistic, focused on the dynamics of the brain.

For the past hundred years or so science and philosophy, too, have been *materialistic,* for the most part. This means that reality was thought of only in terms of *matter,* of which we are aware through the senses and clever extensions of the senses (such as the telescope and microscope). An occasional dissenting voice, like that of the psychic researcher Tyrrell, rose in protest and warning, but few have paused to listen.

G. N. M. Tyrrell (1879-1952) referred to "the specious simplicity thrown over sense perception by common sense" as "a sheer piece of illusion provided by nature for reasons of practical utility." He believed that most things that appear obvious to common sense are "pieces of fiction, instilled into us by nature because they are practically useful." To him *materialism* wa "the outlook of those who hav failed to see through nature's de vices."

Present trends in physics, pro bably the most exact of the sci ences, agree to an extent wit Tyrrell that "nature's devices" ar indeed complex and deceptive Today, scientists wholeheartedl subscribe to Gilbert and Sulli van's sly "things are seldom wha they seem." The term *materia ism* itself begs to be changed t *the new materialism,* so clos does it come at times to an ap proach to life in which matte and mind are as synonymous a matter and energy have become

Both atomic physics and meso physics, as well as the fascinatin field of gene mutations in biol ogy, provide the imaginatio with exciting possibilities for th future of psychic research. It ma no longer be necessary to ste outside the physical realm for ex planations of *psi activity's* errati time- and space-hopping hap penings.

Actually we have no reason t believe that psychic phenomen are not part of the natural world They are certainly not to be ex cluded because of fantastic be havior, unpredictability, or be

use they "break nature's laws." he Austrian physicist and phisopher Ernst Mach expressed e conviction that "there are no ws in nature. We put laws into ature."

The further science pushes vay from the outermost fringes the known, the less likely the gical principle of cause and efct is to apply. According to the erman physicist, Werner Heisberg, in final analysis, the uantum theory is a refutation of e principle of causality. To the odern physicist, laws of causaly have been translated, by a ecessary magic, into *laws of atistical probability.* He admits, o, that within things themselves es hidden a very real and stubrn unpredictability.

Heisenberg's *principle of uncertainty* is an honest and practical principle, in addition to be- g the confession of a dilemma. admits the fact that, with a ery tiny particle, one can be sure only one thing at a time. It is tterly impossible, for instance, measure simultaneously both s size and its rate of speed.

The *concept of complementary* of microphysics recognizes ings in nature as compatible ith other seemingly opposed things, and that one entity may have in itself two distinctly opposite characteristics. When one of these opposing traits is repressed, the entity is represented by the other. An *electron* has *mass,* if one can use the word of something so infinitely small (1/1845 the size of a proton), impossible to measure, a novice would assume, unless the electron is at rest. But this it never is, for the electron moves so fast it is characterized by the speed of its wave length.

Professor Pascual Jordan (Hamburg, Germany) considers the complementarity concept similar to dual and multiple personality in people. One or the other of the personalities takes over, the other—often entirely opposite in character—being suppressed. The electron, too, cannot be an infinitely small, static dot possessing a characteristic known as *mass,* and be a flash of speed (a wave length) at one and the same time, we would feel; yet it is.

Psi, Time and Space

ANOTHER point of view is that of Dr. G. D. Wassermann, mathematical physicist. Instead of attributing happenings such as

the birth of species or galaxy to erratic accident, Dr. Wassermann assumes "that an infinity of mental patterns is associated, not only with particles of living matter, but with every fundamental particle in the universe." He believes that "there is in addition a tremendous drive inherent in the patterns themselves, which are pushing toward physical embodiment against all obstacles." Thus "physical events" can be said to be the "embodiment" of these timeless patterns; and individual freedom, or the appearance of it, would then occur only when desire or impulse happens to be in tune with the unconscious drive of the developing patterns.

From all this it would seem that psychic phenomena are no more puzzling or wonder-provoking, no greater offenders against man's patently deduced laws, than many other far more important-seeming matters. But it may well be that a greater understanding of extrasensory perception and P.K., since they are human faculties, might provide a key to some of the other tantalizing puzzles of nature.

It has been pointed out by psychiatrists interested in psychic phenomena that "although occurrences of *psi* may seem incompatible with our current notions of time, space, and causality, the incidents are subject to the same laws of psychodynamics as apply to the dream."

This is most interesting, because the precognitive dream has stimulated some ingenious theories concerning the true nature of time. The fact that precognitive dreams are relatively common has made many believe that somehow or other, all of us, at some unconscious level, are aware of the future happenings in our lives.

As a rule, our conscious minds are unable to tap this knowledge. With some of us, however, it occasionally happens in dreams that dramatic bits from the future percolate up into consciousness. Later, when such an individual actually lives through the experience, he is amazed to find his dream unroll again before his conscious eyes.

Many have accounted for this by ingenious conjectures as to the real nature of time. Although there are many variations on the theme, the most common is involved with the concept of time as the fourth dimension of space. The mathematician C. H. Hin

on, as well as the Russian jour-alist and philosopher P. D. Ous-ensky (author of *Tertium Or-anum*), believed a man actually four-dimensional being, his ind and body both extended in me; and his whole life, from irth to death, his various appear-nces and all the events, co-resent in the four-dimensional erson he is. The way an indi-idual is at any age—twenty-five, or instance—would be then nerely a three-dimensional cross ection of his four-dimensional eality.

In 1927, J. W. Dunne published is *An Experiment with Time*, book that since has run into nany editions. John William Dunne, the aeronautic engineer vho both designed and built the irst British military plane, had been curious about time from the ge of nine, when he pestered his urse with questions that non-plused her. The experiment of is title consisted of a series of dreams, mostly Dunne's own, hrough which the dreamer was ware of happenings (many imes unimportant) which oc-curred in his waking life *after* he had dreamed them. In addition, he propounded in a clear and fascinating way a most intricate and curious theory to acount for this state of affairs. This theory he called *serialism*.

It is not possible here to go into Dunne's *serialism* at sufficient length to make it intelligible. *An Experiment with Time* and this author's second book *The Serial Universe* (1934) will prove real adventures to anyone who has not yet read them. In brief, Dunne's *serialism* not only recognizes time as a fourth dimension of space, but proposes several dimensions of time itself.

Dunne claimed that his theory is in line with modern physics and philosophy and that it accounts for precognitive dreams, as well as for self-consciousness and free will. As for telepathy, *serialism* shows the relationships between a universal mind or experience pool and individual planes of experience; essential, Dunne thought, to any explanation of telepathy. Dunne's books are most interesting. In all fairness, however, we must point out that certain philosophers, Professor C. D. Broad of Trinity College, Cambridge, among them, insist Dunne's theory is of "unsound logical construction." Still, as an adventure of a lively, creative mind, it is worth sharing.

Many other theories and bits of actual knowledge throw tantalizing light on the whole field of psychic phenomena, or on certain corners of that field. There seems little doubt that *psi* operates in the depths of the unconscious and is often erratic.

Further Theories

THE psychiatrist, Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, points out that at the *id level* spacial relationships are all mixed up. *Here* and *there* might just as well be the same place. And concepts of time (past, present, and future) are hopelessly jumbled. Love and hatred may stand for each other. A statement may be true and false at the same time.

C. J. Jung's concept of *synchronicity* offers an interesting new way of looking at psychic happenings. It is helpful in spontaneous cases of psychic phenomena, where a causal connection between two facts is missing, yet the two are obviously connected. A common example would be the death of a father and the simultaneous appearance of his image to a distant son. Jung's theory proposes that these events are synchronized by a strong emotional value which they share.

Jung has always accepted an individual unconscious very similar to Freud's. In addition, he assumes the existence of a *collective unconscious* as well, a kind of primal *libido* or life force made up of both sexual and nonsexual energy. Within this, certain elemental, emotional images or *archtypes*, clearly recognizable to all races of man in any period of time, exist. These archetypes play a part in individual psychic experiences when these are taut with high emotional tension. Archetypes act as a *formal factor* (a form-giving factor) that influences and organizes psychic content to shape into a particular image.

In the death of a father, for instance, and the appearance of his image at the same time in his son's room, hundreds of miles away, there is a strong emotional connection, though no causal relationship, as this term is understood by science. That is, the father's image was not actually projected by a colossal moving-picture machine.

Jung's *concept of synchronicity* could be applied to psychic events of this sort, where the following three conditions exist (1) no cause-effect situation, a

ve normally understand the erm, (2) strong, emotional ten- ion, and (3) a formal factor pos- essed by both facts (here the ctual *form* or *archetype* "father" ommon to both the death of a ather and the individual image f this particular father apparent- y appearing to the son).

Another theory, thought up to ccount for apparitions and aunting ghosts, is H. H. Price's *sychic ether.* This he defines as n *ether of images,* something ntermediate between mind and natter. Here, freed from the inds that created them in the rst place, and entirely indepen- lent of their control, images con- inue to exist with a life of their wn. Although much harder to elieve, this theory reminds us omewhat of the group of asso- iations, motives, memories, and eelings that separate themselves, n cases of dual and multiple per- onality, and lead independent xistences.

New Approaches

DR. Gardner Murphy, Chair- man of the Research Com- ittee, American Society for sychical Research, points out at psychoanalysis and other sychiatric methods that deal with the unconscious have found out a great deal about the nature of the processes that prevent un- consciously received material from rising into consciousness.

If more of this knowledge were utilized by parapsychologists, perhaps this resistance of con- sciousness could be overcome, and psychic phenomena resembl- ing spontaneous cases actually produced in the laboratory.

Certain researchers have al- ways been most interested in more persistent attempts to pro- duce telepathic apparitions, for instance, experimentally. In the follow-through on spontaneous cases, Dr. Murphy believes, light might be thrown on the nature of psychic phenomena by inten- sive personality studies of those who experience them, both send- er and receiver.

Insight, too, might come from the careful gathering of material to make possible a complete awareness of the context in which such experiences took place. Few cases, possibly fewer than ten of the many collected, have been given this kind of close study.

It has also occurred to many that, since emotion plays so strong a role in spontaneous cases, laboratory experimenters

should strain their creativity in the direction of devising imaginative procedures that could use this powerful factor.

Modern science and philosophy have helped most by providing a new and more live background of thought that may help parapsychologists ask the right questions. The possibility of getting the right answer to a question, it has often been pointed out, depends on the background of thought and assumption against which the question is asked.

In many ways we are probably as far from a true concept of reality, of the nature of life and the universe, as the ancients were. As one wit put it, "The Greek mathematical symbols of our physicists reveal no more about the nature of the universe than the Greek gods did." However, today's science and the best thought of our time are alive with change. There is a noticeable swing from rigid materialism toward a new idealism.

"The philosophy of six thousand years," wrote Emerson, "has not searched the chambers o magazines of the soul. In its ex periments there has always re mained, in the last analysis, residuum it could not resolve."

Perhaps it must always be so But it is on this "residuum" tha research in psychology, psychi atry, and parapsychology is fo cused. If parapsychology ca help in some major way in thi area, its contribution toward th satisfying of man's brave, restless need to know himself and t know the true nature of the uni verse of which he is a part ma well be the key piece that solve the puzzle.

Then all the other pieces—s intricate, beautiful, frightening and perplexing—may fall int place, and the picture come clea Should this miracle happen, w shall find, more than likely, th whole improbable range of psy chic phenomena an inherent an obvious part of the whole; not fantastic and separate, contrar world, but, in its very fantasy an contrariness, a most belongin part.

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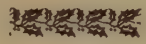

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ıth. If we fail to re-establish the home in which youth may find ıfort and security, then we must find means to produce a world not ⁻ked by ennui and emptiness, disfigured by hate and hypocrisy. The sent, for youth, should be bright with sincerity, ardent with mean- ful activity, for today, research and science reach out to the young relieve their suffering and bring them the consolation of human lerstanding.

AGIC today is carried out in the light of day and can be first dis- covered in fine, well-selected, scientific libraries. There are, too, ıy young adventurers using their own resources, at the expense of modern-day pleasures, to add brotherly understanding to more and e scientific wonders. Primitive magic has served mankind in the t. It is to be found today in well-constructed laboratories; but the ient longings to traverse space, to have wings and a Titan's ngth, are no longer the dreams of the medieval magician, but an ɔmplishment of modern science. The means to communicate from e to Pole, and understand other men's hearts and thoughts, have ı found; the world is knit together by a vast network of electrical munication, which although accepted as a matter of course, is as ical in its way as the ancient sorcerer's dreams.

now remains for us to understand each other. Since the dreams ıe medieval past have offered us roads to a constructive present, ıs take time to render gratitude for their wonders by sharing this vledge with our young people. Empty conceptions of living can, patience, be turned toward a new life, rich in positive results and developments.

Eileen J. Garrett

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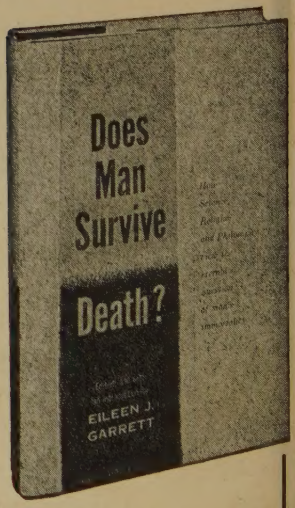

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